THE

Count of *Amboiſe*;

OR, THE

GENEROUS LOVER.

A

NOVEL.

Written Originally

In French by Madam ***

AND

Rendred into Engliſh by *P. B.* Gent.

Dedicated to the

Dauphineſs of *France.*

PART I.

LONDON,

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

Mrs. *Elizabeth Slingsby.*

Madam,

YOUR natural Inclinations, your Ingenuity, and your Virtuous Education, have ſuch an affinity with that which render'd this Heroine ſo accompliſh'd, as ſhe is here repreſented, that I thought I ſhould wrong her Memory, and your Merits, in not dedicating to You this Story of her Amours, as to the fitteſt Perſon, to vindicate and defend from the envi-

ous Cenſure of Malice, that Manage-
ment which ſhe us'd in ſo nice a Cauſe,
in which meer Chance and her own
Misfortune had involv'd her. She,
like You, had an entire dependency on
her Mother's grave Counſels and Ad-
vices, ſuch a Mother, as like yours, was
endowed with all the Prudence and
Diſcretion, that was requiſite to go-
vern ſo accompliſh'd a Daughter;
She, like You, had an exquiſite Judg-
ment, to diſcern Perſons, before en-
tring into any Engagement, further
than what the modeſt Converſe of a
decent Viſit would afford. She, like
You, had ſuch reſervedneſs in all her
Actions, and ſo ſtrict a Watch over
her Deſires, that nothing but the fa-
tal miſtake through which ſhe gave

to

to a worthy Perſon that Heart, which was deſign'd for another by a diſcreet Mother's Choice, could have produc'd that miſchief, which prov'd the unhappineſs of her whole Life. May the Compariſon terminate here, Madam, and you never have occaſion to act any further her Part, by keeping ſuch a conſtant Guard on your Heart, as may ſecure it from all Surpriſes; ſuch a Jewel can never be too carefully preſerv'd, while there are ſo many men that would leave no ways unattempted to the poſſeſſion of it, even by the advantage of ſuch an unfortunate miſtake, by which Madmoiſelle of Roye *loſt hers; and when the Time which the Heavens have appointed for the*

change of your Condition is come, in lieu of such a Disaster, may you be blest with a Person worthy your Affections; that is, with one accomplish'd with all the Gifts of Nature, and the Superstructure of Arts, with such a Person as would be the Object of the Vows of every one that knows your Merits. Amongst the Crowd of those your Admirers, I beg for admittance, in Quality of,

MADAM,

Your most humble

Servant,

P. Bellon.

TO

MADAM

THE

DAUPHINESS.

Madam,

THE favourable Reception, which you have been pleased to afford to my first Novel,

makes me hope the ſame Favour for this, I have now more need of your Protection than ever: I compoſe the Hiſtory of a Man, who is ſo Generous to yield his Miſtreſs to his Rival, and now there being but few Men capable of ſuch great Things, and that Perſons are rarely mov'd but with ſuch things towards which they have ſome diſpoſition, I have cauſe to fear the ſucceſs of this Book. But, Madam, great and lofty Sentiments are met with in Royal Souls. Above all, they

they are in yours in the Superlative, and peradventure in that reſpect the Count *D'Amboiſe* may pleaſe you. If I durſt entertain that Hope, I ſhould have no cauſe to complain, ſeeing that thoſe who would not be fit to reliſh it, would at leaſt be capable of having a Reſpect for your Guſto. But it is not in that ſingle Vow, Madam, that I take the liberty of preſenting You with it, it is to have the Ambition of rendring You once more an Homage which is ſo juſtly due to

You

You by your eminent Qualities, and above all by your Bounties. I am with a profound Respect,

MADAM,

Your most humble

and most obedient

Servant * * *

TO

TO THE READER.

IT has been obſerv'd, that in my firſt Novel there were ſome places in which Nature was not well enough copied, and that partak'd more of Conception than of Sentiment. Though I am not aſham'd of that Reproach, I have however endeavour'd on the Remarks that have been made me, to carry ſo far my Inſpections, as to mark the difference of a real Paſſion, from that which is but an over-ſtudied Idea of it. And I hope that this Hiſtory will be found more natural than the other in the Sentiments. It will alſo be found more extraordinary in the Action; and I believe not that it is a defect; for though that Perſons of an ordinary Guſto, are accuſtomed to fanſie every thing ridiculous that is not common, great Wits find a diſguſt in things that are mean and low. They fanſie

ſie always to ſee the ſame Romance, becauſe they always meet with the ſame ſtrokes. I flatter my ſelf, that this Turn has not yet been ſeen; and I have not any thing at all to fear, except that it is not very likely a Lover ſhould be generous. Thoſe Diſcourſes which are daily made of Lovers, gives place to this Scruple; but after all it is but a Scruple, on which I paſs in favour of that which is great in the Idea. Peradventure that ſome may complain that I reward not the Count of Amboiſe's *Vertue, but I deſign to puniſh his Paſſion, I have already declar'd in the Preface of* Elenor of Yvrée, *that my deſign was to repreſent none but unfortunate Loves, that I may combate as much as in me lyes, that tendency which we have for that Paſſion.*

THE

THE Count of *Amboiſe*. A NOVEL.

PART I.

THE Reign of *Francis* the Second appear'd in its beginning very agreeable and happy. The Queen his Wife, was one of the moſt beautiful and moſt ingenious Per-

ſons in the World. His Court was compos'd of part of thoſe Illuſtrious Perſons that had form'd that of *Henry* the Second, and the Ladies had as great ſhares of Agreements, as the Men had of Valour. The Count of *Amboiſe*, and the Marquels of *Sanſac* did diſtinguiſh themſelves in it. Their Families had always been of oppoſite Intereſts; and though they were not declared Enemies, they had a certain Emulation which ſeem'd to have ſome Conſequences depending. They were both equally well made, nothing could be diſputable in the one, but by the other; and it verily ſeem'd as if they were to conteſt all things betwixt them.

The Counteſs of *Roye* being a Widow, had retired her ſelf at two Leagues diſtance from *Paris* to a Country-houſe, where ſhe receiv'd no Viſits but from ſome particular

lar Friends. She had a Daughter perfectly beautiful, who had not yet appear'd. She did design to marry her before bringing of her to Court, and she made choice of the Count of *Amboise* from amongst all those that were propos'd to her. That Marriage, which was equally advantageous to him and to Madmoiselle of *Roye*, was concluded on, even before they had had an Enterview; but she having the Repute of being a great Beauty, Monsieur of *Amboise* did flatter himself very much with the thoughts that she should be his; and it may be said, That desires and hope did already form in his Heart the beginnings of a Passion, before he had seen its Object.

Though Madmoiselle of *Roye* might have been possest with that kind of insensibility, which Solitude usually gives, the quickness

of her Apprehenſion did make her to recieve and entertain the firſt impreſſions that were given her, and what ſhe heard her Mother ſay of the Count's good Meen, Wit, and Generoſity, did create in her an Eſteem, which diſpos'd her towards the receptions of farther impreſſions.

That day in which he was to give her the firſt Viſit, ſhe had dreſs'd her ſelf with more care than uſually, and ſhe was of a Beauty to charm all thoſe that beheld her. It was in one of thoſe agreeable Summers days that invite to take the Air. The Sun that had not appear'd that day, gave place to a delicious Coolneſs; and Madmoiſelle of *Roye* was walking in one of the Avenues of the Houſe with two Ladies of her Mother's acquaintance, who were come to dine with her. It being early enough yet not to expect

the

the Count of *Amboiſe*, and Madam of *Roye* was buſied about ſome Conſerves, ſhe was well pleas'd that the Walk did divert them during that time which ſhe was to employ in buſineſs. They were already come to the end of a Walk, where there was an Arbour open on every ſide, very pleaſant, and in which they were going to enter to ſeat themſelves, when they perceiv'd a Cavaleer, who alighting from his Horſe, left his Followers behind him, and advanc'd towards them. Still as he approach'd, ſhe obſerv'd his ſhape and Air, which appear'd worthy of all the attention that ſhe afforded them. She doubted not but that it was Monſieur of *Amboiſe*, he came at the appointed day, his earneſtneſs could not diſpleaſe her. The good Meen of that Perſon that ſhe ſaw, did correſpond to that Idea which ſhe had

fram'd in her ſelf of the Count. Thoſe Ladies that were with her did not know him, as belonging not to the Court. They had learnt that he was expected that day, and they alſo were of opinion that it was he. They beſtowed Praiſes on him, which added the more to prepoſſeſs her in his behalf.

Madmoiſelle of *Roye* found her duty very eaſie, and it may be that ſhe haſtned her ſelf a little too much to obſerve it; Monſieur *Amboiſe* was the Perſon that was to inſpire her with that Joy which is given at the firſt encounter of that Object which ought to pleaſe; but it was in favour of the Marqueſs of *Sanſac* that ſhe had been made ſenſible of it. Chance had conducted him there, he was coming from a Lady of his Relation, and having found himſelf near to Madam of *Roye*'s Houſe, ſome diſcourſe

courſe which he had heard of her Daughter's Beauty, did make him take that occaſion to give them a Viſit. He had not ſeen Madam of *Roye* ſince the death of her Husband; ſhe liv'd in ſo cloſe a Retirement, that none had yet attempted to diſturb her; but he thought that after a year of Mourning, ſhe would make no ſcruple of receiving him.

He approacht the Ladies, and though he knew them not, he ſaid all that Politeneſs and Gallantry could inſpire him with in that rencontre, but he preſently did diſtinguiſh Madmoiſelle of *Roye* from the reſt; of truth, though one of them was young, and beautiful alſo, the Beauty of Madmoiſelle of *Roye* was ſo perfect, that one could not behold any other but hers, in any place where ſhe appear'd; ſhe found I know not what of pleaſing in this Adventure,

which gave her an inclination to continue it. She intreated the Ladies not to tell her Name, and knowing that thoſe Concerns, which detain'd her Mother, would not be ſo ſoon ended, ſhe propos'd to the Company to go ſeat themſelves in the Arbour.

That Road which the Marqueſs of *Sanſac* had taken, would not let him doubt but that it led to Madam of *Roye's*; he went not about to conceal that deſign, and thoſe Ladies confirming themſelves in the opinion, that he was Monſieur of *Amboiſe*, did put divers nice Queſtions to him on Madmoiſelle of *Roye's* account, which gave him to underſtand, that they took him for that Count, who he knew to be on the very point of marrying her. They ask'd him, whether he had not wherewith to accuſe himſelf for amuſing with them, when he was

on

on the point of ſeeing ſo beautiful a Perſon. She bluſh'd at this, after a manner which helpt to perſwade him, that he was not deceiv'd in the thoughts that ſhe was Madmoiſelle of *Roye*.

The place where he met with her, and her extraordinay Beauty, had already given him great ſuſpicions of it; but then he doubted of it no longer, and gueſt by what was told him, that ſhe had not yet ſeen the Count of *Amboiſe*, and that he was expected. The Adventure pleas'd him in his turn, that Errour caus'd him to be favorably look'd upon by a beautiful Perſon, he took upon him not to anſwer poſitively, that he might not undeceive them, and to take off all blame from him, when they ſhould come to know him. *There cannot be had a greater Idea of Madmoiſelle of* Roye's *Beauty, than I have*, ſaid he; *Tet it is hard for*

me to believe that ſhe is above that which I ſee here, added he, looking on her in a manner which did perſwade her that he was taken. She took a moſt ſenſible delight in all that paſs'd there, and was highly pleas'd with the ſudden effect of her Charms, in a manner which ſtill conduc'd to render her favourable unto him, who gave her to underſtand that he was ſenſible of their Power. They had already been an hour in that Arbour, when a great ſhowre of Rain beſieg'd them. No body was ſorry for it, the Converſation was ſo pleaſing, that it was not poſſible for them to compute the time that they ſtay'd there. Monſieur of *Sanſac* had an incomparable agreement in his Perſon, and in all that he ſaid, and his natural Briskneſs was the more heightned by all that was of ſurpriſing in that rencounter.

Madmoi-

Madmoiſelle of *Roye* was raviſht to find him ſo worthy of her, their Eyes met more than once after a manner which caus'd her to bluſh, and which afterwards made her to avoid thoſe of Monſieur of *Sanſac*. Of truth, though ſhe believ'd him to be the Count of *Amboiſe*, and that ſhe was to marry him, ſhe was ſenſible of I know not what that was independant of her Duty, which ſhe was loth to unravel. She had all the leiſure to abandon her ſelf to an Errour, which was to prove ſo fatal to her in the purſuit: for the ſtorm did not ceaſe, and they could not ſtir out of the Arbour. At laſt Monſieur of *Amboiſe* came, and perceiving Ladies in the Arbour, he went towards it, taking them to be Madam and Madmoiſelle of *Roye*.

He found not there that Counteſs which he had ſeen at Court, but

but he presently knew her Daughter by the Picture that had been made him of her, and on the same grounds which had before given the Marquess of *Sanſac* to understand that it was she; so that he addreſs'd his Compliments to her. Yet considering that he might be mistaken, and the presence of so many Persons retaining him, he advanc'd nothing which could precisely mark that he was the Person which they expected.

He deserv'd no less than the Marquess of *Sanſac* to entertain that Company, an agreeable shape above the common, a noble Air, I know not what of fine and passionate, did render him most capable of pleasing. The Ladies did him all the Justice which he deserv'd; but Madmoiselle of *Roye* was troubled to be constrain'd to doubt which of the two was her Lover: She looked on both of them

them, as if to ask which it was that ſhe was oblig'd to love, but it was with a certain difference, which ſeem'd to mark that ſhe would gladly have had him to be Monſieur of *Sanſac*.

The Eldeſt of the Ladies, who perceiv'd the confuſion in which that young Perſon was, thought fit to cauſe it to ceaſe. Madam of *Roye's* Women having been forc'd to retire into the Arbour alſo, becauſe of the Rain, ſhe ſent one of them to ask the Name of Monſieur of *Amboiſe*, from his people, and having learnt it, ſhe had Madmoiſelle of *Roye* inform'd of it.

That young Lady could not forbear looking on him with more coldneſs than ſhe naturally ought to have had. The briskneſs of the Converſation had enlivened her Face, and increas'd her Beauty; Monſieur of *Amboiſe* did conſider her with the intereſt of a man

for

for whom she was design'd; and in spight of that Idea, which he had conceiv'd of her, he still found occasion of being surpris'd; but the manner with which she receiv'd him, did not afford him a relish of those Charms which the birth of a Passion usually excites in the Heart, and Love did even deny him that very first satisfaction.

She beheld Monsieur of *Sansac* without reflecting on it with less Caution than before, as if she had bid him Adieu with that Look, and that she were become more bold when she was to devest her self of all Hopes, than she had been a moment before, when she thought that she might have produc'd the same in him.

Monsieur of *Amboise* had his Eyes too much fix'd upon Madmoiselle of *Roye*, not to follow hers; it may also be, that the natural

tural opposition of *Sansac* and he; did promote his fears; in fine, he mistrusted part of the truth.

The storm still continu'd, and Madam of *Roye*, who had made an end of those businesses, which had detained her, came to fetch them in her Coach. She did not expect to find the Marquess of *Sansac* there: However she was not backwards in shewing him much respect. That Countess set forth to Monsieur of *Amboise* all the Esteem which she had for his Merit, and the joy she was in to see him; but those Civilities diverted him not from that disagreeable Idea which he had taken against his Will.

Madam of *Roye* did lead them into her Apartment, and the divers agitations which disjoynted that Company, created in it some kind of uneasieness. The Count of *Amboise*, who naturally lov'd

not

not *Sanſac*, did think that Marqueſs's Viſit too long. It wanted not much of Monſieur of *Sanac's* thinking the ſame of the Count of *Amboiſe*, though he was not ignorant of the deſign that brought him, but at laſt he was forc'd to quit the place to him.

The Ladies departed alſo, and the Count of *Amboiſe* remained the laſt. He inform'd Madmoiſelle of *Roye* how much the advantage of being deſign'd for her did charm him; but he told her at the ſame time, that if he was not ſo happy as to touch her Heart, he found himſelf in a condition much to be pitied. Madmoiſelle of *Roye* made anſwer, that ſhe had no Heart to give, but only a Duty to follow. The Air with which ſhe pronounc'd thoſe words, was not proper to give Hopes to a Lover. She took little care of keeping up the Converſation.

ſation, but ſhe ſhew'd enough of Wit to finiſh that which her Beauty had began, and to create difficulties enough to the poſſeſſion of her Heart, to render the Count's Paſſion moſt ardent from that very day.

When Madmoiſelle of *Roye* was alone, ſhe remain'd in a profound ſtudy, and though ſhe did not yet unravel her Sentiments as to Monſieur of *Amboiſe* and Monſieur of *Sanſac*, ſhe however fancied this laſt to be the moſt amiable.

For his part, he had been ſtruck with Madmoiſelle of *Roye's* Beauty. He had obſerv'd, that his Converſation did not diſpleaſe her, and that ſhe had receiv'd the Count of *Amboiſe* with ſome coldneſs, inſomuch that he carried none but agreeable and pleaſing Ideas back with him.

He ſpoke of her at Court with ſuch great Elogies, that the Queen grew

grew impatient to ſee her, and he having learn'd from Madam of *Roye*, that they ſhould not return ſo ſoon from the Country, he inform'd the Queen thereof, who ſeem'd to be ſorry.

Sanſac, who wanted but ſome pretence to return to Madam of *Roye*, oblig'd himſelf in going to inform her of the Queen's thoughts: He did ſee Madmoiſelle of *Roye* a ſecond time, he fancied that he diſcern'd ſome ſatisfaction in her Eyes; he ſaid a thouſand things to her, which thoſe diſpoſitions, in which ſhe was towards him, did make her eaſily to apprehend, and that at the ſame time could not be diſpleaſing to Madam of *Roye*. The Count of *Amboiſe*, who had right to viſit them often, came in the time that Monſieur of *Sanſac* was retiring. A ſecond Viſit of that Marqueſs did trouble him. His diſtur-

diſturbance which diſcover'd it ſelf to Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, caus'd her to fancy him whimſical, which made an end of loſing him in her Eſteem.

She felt in her ſelf an indifference for him, before ſhe knew that *Sanſac* was the Cauſe of it. Thoſe Cares which the Count did render her, grew uneaſie, and preſently gave her an averſion towards him, which ſhe oppos'd in vain. Any man for whom one is oblig'd to have ſome regard, does always make himſelf hated, when he cauſes not himſelf to be belov'd.

The Count of *Amboiſe* did eaſily perceive that Madmoiſelle of *Roye* lov'd him not, he miſtruſted the Cauſe of it, and according to the Cuſtom of unfortunate Lovers, he ſought to inform himſelf more particularly of that knowledge, of which he had not

not ſufficiency enough yet to make him entirely miſerable.

One day that the King was walking, follow'd by the whole Court; this Count perceiving that *Sanſac* was at ſome diſtance from the Crowd, drew near him to ſpeak of Madmoiſelle of *Roye*. But though they both had equal deſires, neither of them could reſolve to begin. At laſt, *Amboiſe* followed his deſign, he prais'd her highly, and *Sanſac* ſaid but little, as much it might be, not to be of his Rival's opinion, as for fear of diſcovering his Love. Mean time the Count of *Amboiſe* was not in a condition of receiving any ſatisfaction, he had been uneaſie, if the Marqueſs of *Sanſac* had too much admired Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, and he was ſo likewiſe, becauſe he would not praiſe her ſufficiently.

Few hours after his Jealouſie was

was entirely confirm'd. That night, at the King's Apartment, the Converſation being fallen on the Beauty of ſome Ladies of the Court, the Marqueſs of *Sanſac*, who was no longer reſtrain'd by the preſence of Monſieur of *Amboiſe*, could not forbear praiſing highly Madmoiſelle of *Roye*'s Beauty, he was ſpeaking of it with great Tranſport when the Count came in. The King perceiving him at diſtance, *Here's Sanſac*, ſaid he to him, raiſing his voice, *who ſays more wonderful things of Madmoiſelle of* Roye's *Beauty, than you ever told us.* Theſe two Rivals bluſh'd at thoſe words: that redneſs was obſerv'd; they were play'd upon for it the reſt of that night, and they had occaſion of all their Wit to oppoſe the Raillies, they both knew more particularly in that occaſion, what either of them had of Parts, and they

they esteem'd each other, but to hate the more.

The Count of *Sanſac*, Father to the Marqueſs, had ſome thoughts to marry his Son to Madmoiſelle of *Anebault*, whoſe Beauty might have rendred happy a man that had not lov'd Madmoiſelle of *Roye*; he durſt not oppoſe himſelf openly to his Father's Will, but he retarded that Marriage, and he had a great repugnancy againſt it. Madam of *Roye* at that time did bring her Daughter to Court, where ſhe receiv'd all the Applauſe that ſhe merited.

She gain'd both Lovers and Enemies. The Counteſs of *Tournon* was of the number of thoſe to whom her Beauty caus'd ſome diſcontent, and who did the beſt diſſemble it. The Count of *Sancerre* did find her perfectly lovely, but durſt not own that he loved her, becauſe he did not ſu-

pe

pect that Monſieur of *Amboiſe* could be hated. Soon after, he took a Journey, which helpt him to conceal his Paſſion, but not to cure it.

Madmoiſelle of *Roye* ſtay'd not long without knowing that the Marqueſs of *Sanſac* was to be married to Madmoiſelle of *Anebault*; ſhe was ſurpris'd at this News, and much more to find her ſelf ſo concern'd at it againſt her Will. She apply'd her ſelf toward that Lady about it, and to find defects in him.

Monſieur of *Amboiſe*'s Marriage was on the point of being concluded, when that there happen'd ſome difficulties in it, which had not been foreſeen. The King had ſome knowledge of an Inſurrection which the Prince of *Conde* was promoting in the Kingdom, and becauſe the Count was particularly link'd to him, it was believ'd that he

he had a hand in it, though there was no proof against him, it was sufficient that there were some distrusts to have a strict Watch kept on his Actions. There was no Policy to let him marry a Kinswoman of the Prince of *Conde*, before his Conduct were clear'd.

Divers things pass'd during that Retardment, Madam of *Roy* not knowing any thing of *Sanſac's* Sentiments towards her Daughter, did receive him, as she did other Persons of the Court. Her Daughter did inform her self with too much care about the Marriage of Madmoiselle of *Anebault*, to be ignorant of the resistance that he made against it, and it was not difficult for her to find that she had more than ordinary concerns in it. That Interest which she had for all the Actions of that Marquess, did every moment confirm her in an opinion, that she had

had made him ſenſible. She did follow that tendency with ſome ſcruple, but ſtill ſhe follow'd it.

Sanſac did every day obſerve ſome little effects of Madmoiſelle of *Roye*'s paſſion, which charm'd him; mean time, in thoſe Terms that ſhe was with Monſieur of *Amboiſe*, he durſt not ſpeak openly to her, for fear of loſing thoſe marks of her tenderneſs, if he ſhould force her to unravel them; but he intruſted Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac* his Siſter, with the Sentiments which he had for Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, and he intreated her to contract, if ſhe could, a ſtrict Friendſhip with her, and to endeavour to deſtroy Monſieur of *Amboiſe* in her opinion, that the Count's Marriage, which was already retarded through Policy, might be ſo likewiſe by that indifferency which ſhe might have for him.

Madmoiſelle of *Sauſac* was at firſt troubled in being oblig'd to render ſome ill Offices to a Perſon for whom ſhe had a ſingular Eſteem; but that very Eſteem did inſenſibly lead her to act againſt his Marriage: She being very ingenious, and Sifter to *Sauſac*, it was not difficult for her to enter into a very cloſe Commerce of Friendſhip with Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, who did not conceal from her the ſorrow ſhe was to ſee her ſelf deſign'd for an Husband, for whom ſhe had ſo little inclination. She would do Juſtice to his good Parts and Qualities, but it was with a kind of reſervedneſs. His Merit was a kind of ſecret Reproach to her of that indifferency ſhe had for him; She hated him becauſe he lov'd her, and becauſe he deſerv'd to be belov'd.

Madmoiſelle of *Sauſac*, who was Maid of Honour to the Queen, and who

who was the beſt treated by her; offer'd her all her Services towards that Princeſs, to bring her to ſpeak to Madam of *Roye*, that that Marriage might be broke off. Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, who fear'd diſpleaſing of her Mother, did at firſt oppoſe it with ſome earneſtneſs; yet ſhe gave her opportunity to ſee, that if the thing could have been done without concerning her ſelf in it, ſhe had been pleas'd at it.

There needed no more to oblige Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac* to ſerve her. She was to go to the Spaw-Waters for her Health, and ſhe would, before ſhe took her Journey, mention it to the Queen, not to loſe any time in obliging her Friend. Though Madmoiſelle of *Roye* was far from owning to her the inclination that ſhe had for her Brother, it was much that ſhe forbore ſpeaking of him at all.

The Count of *Amboiſe*'s hatred to *Sanſac*, did increaſe extraordinarily. Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, unknown to her ſelf, did afford to this laſt ſome marks of a moſt particular Eſteem, which could not eſcape a Lover's penetration; and he would ſometimes wave on the deliberation of what Party he ſhould take. It was unpleaſing to him to marry a Perſon who was prepoſſeſt by an inclination for another Perſon; Reaſon did oppoſe it ſelf to that deſign, but ſtill he was in Love. How was it poſſible to loſe the hopes of ſeeing her his own? After divers irreſolutions, he perceiv'd that he was not capable of fixing on any thing.

The Marqueſs of *Sanſac* did ſhew ſo much indifferency for Madmoiſelle of *Annebault*, that ſhe her ſelf endeavour'd to avoid the marrying of him, ſo that that Marri-

age

age was broke off. Madmoiſelle of *Roye* conceiv'd ſo great a Joy at it, that ſhe was not able to conceal it from Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac*, unto whom her motions were not indifferent. She did frequently ſee the Count of *Amboiſe* at that Friend's houſe. She had found him as lovely as unfortunate, and inſenſibly pity had led her into other Sentiments. She ſtill engag'd her ſelf more ſtrongly in her Brothers Intereſts, and ſhe did even think that in ſome meaſure ſhe did ſerve Monſieur of *Amboiſe* in preventing him from marrying a Perſon that hated him.

The Count of *Sanſac* her Father, was mov'd by her to deſire that his Son might marry Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, which was not thought a difficult matter in the preſent Juncture. The Family of *Amboiſe* had never manag'd the

Sanſancs in any occaſion. The *Sanſacs*, whom Favour emboldned, had frequently ſought after ſome means to diſpleaſe them, ſo that nothing did detain them, and Madmoiſelle of *Roye* was ſo conſiderable a Party, that they undertook to have ſome body ſpeak about it to Madam of *Roye*; at firſt they required but a Preference, in caſe that Monſieur of *Amboiſe's* Marriage was not concluded. Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac* intreated the Queen to enter into this buſineſs. That Princeſs did promiſe ſhe would, and Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac* went to the Spaw. After that Promiſe had been obtain'd, the Queen was not long before ſhe kept her Word; ſhe made ſome Propoſitions to Madam of *Roye*. She gave her to conceive, that Monſieur of *Amboiſe's* adherence to the Prince of *Conde*, did render him ſtill ſuſpected, and that

that there were more advantageous Parties to be had through the King's Favour and Friendſhip; but Madam of *Roye* was one of thoſe exact Women that keep their words. The Count's good Qualities had given her a Friendſhip for him, which was increas'd by his misfortune. She intreated the Queen to permit her to keep her Word with Monſieur of *Amboiſe*, and that ſhe might hope that the King would find him guiltleſs, and that he would reſtore him to his Favour again.

The Queen, who endeavoured to oblige Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac*, did preſs Madam of *Roye* more home ſtill, and omitted nothing of that which could favour the *Sanſacs*; at laſt ſhe deſir'd her Promiſe for the Marqueſs, in caſe ſhe ſhould break off with the Count of *Amboiſe*. Madam of *Roye* was uneaſie at the Propoſitions which

they would have her consent to, at the time that she was ingag'd with a man whom they lov'd not, which appear'd, in that they so soon seiz'd on an occasion to insult on his disgrace. She told the Queen that she was strangely troubled, that she could not promise her any thing on that account, because that her Daughter had some Antipathy against the Marques of *Sanſac*; not that she did really believe any such thing, but to draw her self out of that troublesom business.

That ill success did put *Sanſac* into a strange Chagrin and confusion; Though Madmoiselle of *Roye*'s Looks had divers times assur'd him that he was not hated, he durst no longer trust to them. In fine, he was certain of Madam of *Roy*'s hatred, though he might still remain in doubt of that of her Daughter, and he began to lose

loſe the hope of ever being happy.

Madam of *Roye* would not inform that young Perſon of what had paſs'd, not to divert her from thoſe Sentiments which ſhe ought to have for the Count of *Amboiſe*. She alſo thought fit that he ſhould be ignorant of it, for fear that at this time that he was not look'd upon favourably at Court, he ſhould come to ſome unfortunate extremities with a man whom the King lov'd. The next day ſhe brought back her Daughter into the Country, to an Houſe at a further diſtance than the former, in expectation of ſome Change in the Count's Affairs, unto whom ſhe ſhew'd that the Air of Diſgrace in which he was, ſhould bring no alteration unto thoſe Sentiments that ſhe had for him.

But what did thoſe Sentiments avail to the Count of *Amboiſe*?

He was almoſt certain, that his Miſtreſſes were contrary to him. He reſolv'd to ſatisfie himſelf in that Point, and to bring it about, ſo that Madmoiſelle of *Roye* ſhould find her ſelf engag'd by his intreaties, or by her own intereſt, to confeſs a thing, of which the very ſuſpicion appear'd ſo fatal to him, that the very Certainty it ſelf could not be more. If Madmoiſelle of *Roye* was preposſeſt with another inclination, it were better for him to be once aſſur'd of it, than to remain continually in fear. Mean time he had ſome occaſions to inform himſelf thereof, but he had not the power of making uſe of it; and when he was on the point of being ſatisfied, he would avoid it.

Madmoiſelle of *Roye* did ſo ſuddenly return into the Country, that *Sanſac* could not get an opportunity of ſpeaking to her. The difficul-

difficulties which he found knowing her mind did not stop him; he was netled with those words that Madam of *Roye* had said to the Queen, and Love joined to Spight, did put him on finding out all manner of means to clear the business. Madmoiselle of *Sansac* was too far distant to serve him towards Madmoiselle of *Roye*. He cast his Eyes on Madam of *Tournon*; she was the most subtle and the most insinuating of all Women. She had found out the way of gaining Madmoiselle of *Roy*'s Esteem and Friendship, and they had always been in a strait conjunction. Monsieur of *Sansac* thought that he might go to Madam of *Roye* with her, and that he should find some means of speaking to Madmoiselle of *Roye*. He gave Madam of *Tournon* divers Visits, which she receiv'd with great satisfaction. Though she was

not

not in the very prime of her youth, she was still lovely enough to flatter her self of being belov'd; and the Count of *Tournon*, whose Widow she was, had left her such considerable means, that the thoughts of being able to make that Marquess a vast Fortune, did assist her in seducing of her self in his behalf.

She might have guest, that those Civilities which he rendred her, had not the right stamp of Love upon them; but Persons are apt to mistake in such Niceties. That application which usually is brought in such examination, is almost a certain way of mistake. That made Madam of *Tournon* to give unto all *Sansac*'s actions, that sense which best agreed with those Sentiments that she entertain'd for him.

But she did not enjoy her Error long; he left her the sorrowful

rowful leisure of making distinct Reflections; she perceiv'd the difference of his proceedings with hers. Finally, he having but small application unto the Countess's actions, and fancying that they proceeded but from Friendship, because he felt no more within himself for her; after some days were pass'd, he propos'd to go along with her to Madam of *Roye*. That Proposition caus'd Madam of *Tournon* to open her Eyes, and she rested satisfied that he was in Love with Madmoiselle of *Roye*, after he had once mention'd that beautiful Person's Name. The shame of having deceiv'd her self, the sorrow to love in vain, and the spight to see Madmoiselle of *Roye*, whom she hated, to triumph over her, could not rest without some effects in Madam of *Tournon's* Heart; mean time her natural dissimultation did prevent her from

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flying out. She promis'd him to make up that match which he propos'd, but she had already perceiv'd, that Madam of *Roye* had some unkindness for the *Sanfac*. She writ to her, that the Marquess had intreated her to bring him to her. Madam of *Roye*, who after the Propositions that had been made, and what she had answered the Queen, finding that she should be perplext with that Visit, presently answer'd Madam of *Tournon*, and did engage her to divert *Sanfac* from that Design. Madam of *Tournon*, who in writing to Madam of *Roye*, had had no other design but of getting such a kind of Answer, shew'd the Letter to *Sanfac*, as to a Friend from whom she had no Secret to conceal.

Sanfac, who this ill Success had disgusted, committed no longer the Countess on a thing of wch it was not seasonable to discover the motives, he did go to Madam of *Roye*, but

but he saw not her Daughter, though he enquired after her. He was told, that she was ill; he return'd there a second time, and he was again refus'd seeing of her, on pretences which appear'd very unlikely to him. He learnt that Monsieur of *Amboise* was with her, insomuch that asham'd of the small success of his Visits, and despairing for having a Rival more happy than himself, he took the resolution of leaving *Paris*, and went to one of his Houses at a great distance from thence.

Madmoiselle of *Roye*, who had been all along concern'd at the precipitation with which she had been hurried into the Country, and who saw with sorrow that she was prevented from receiving Visits from *Sanfac*, did fancy that peradventure Madam of *Roye* had discover'd her Sentiments towards him, which produc'd in her a mixture of shame and trouble.

Monsieur

Monſieur of *Amboiſe* did let her observe how much he was afflicted to ſee her in that melancholy, yet without complaining, and without giving her the leaſt notice that he could in part read her mind; ſo reſpectful a Conduct did touch Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, and Pity ſucceeded to her Hatred, but Love ſucceeded not to that Pity.

He was too unconcern'd in the Prince of *Conde*'s Conſpiracy to remain long accus'd of it, and by that time he was almoſt quite clear'd, Madmoiſelle of *Roye* was ſenſible that ſhe was on the point of marrying him, he acted after ſuch a generous manner, which deſerv'd ſome kindneſs of her part, & ſhe thought that her duty would be a ſupply to the defects of her Heart.

One day that the Count of *Amboiſe*'s ſorrow was extraordinary, ſhe told him more obliging things than ſhe had ever done before, but

they did but redouble that Lovers affliction : *'Las ! Madam*, said he, *force not your self, those affected outsides render me not less miserable, you affect shewing me some kindness, how happy should I be, if you had enough to endeavour to conceal it !* That Discourse put Madmoiselle of *Roye* into some disorder, it was sufficiently grounded to cause her some trouble, she was a long while without answering, and Monsieur of *Amboise* being emboldned by her silence, or rather confirming himself in those Suspicions, had no longer any power to resist their breaking forth. *Madam*, said he to her, *I perceive but too well that I am indifferent to you, why would you not let me see it ? At least be sincere, if you cannot be tender. I am reduc'd to that condition of being oblig'd to you, if you but confess to me that you love me not.* Those words were follow-

follow'd with tears: Madmoiſelle of *Roye* was ſenſibly mov'd at them. Why this eternal Conſtraint? She was not yet his Wife. Such a diſcovery could be of no other uſe than to diſingage her, and to ſet her in a liberty of following her own Sentiments.

Is that the greateſt Eſteem that ever was? ſaid ſhe; *No, Madmoiſelle*, he interrupted, *all your Eſteem cannot afford me any Conſolation for your indifferency: But*, added he, being preſs'd by his Jealouſie, *if any thing could ſweeten it, it would be a confidence without reſervedneſs, it may well be due to me to recompenſe me of all that which you detain from me. What is that confidence which you require further?* ſaid Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, *I think I expreſs much. Ah! Madmoiſelle*, ſaid he, *that is not yet enough, let me know more, though it be a puniſhment for my Curioſity,*

all

all the Favour which I ask you, is, that you ſhould inform me of my whole misfortune. Have I no Rival? Confeſs it to me. Ought you to doubt but that I am indifferent, ſaid Madmoiſelle of Roye, *ſeeing that you that was deſign'd me, have not rendred me ſenſible? Alas! Madmoiſelle,* ſaid he, *your Heart might be prepoſſeſt——Prepoſſeſt?* reply'd Madmoiſelle de Roye, *did I know any one before I was ingag'd to you? 'Las! Madmoiſelle,* ſaid he, interrupting her, being tranſported by Jealouſie, *had you not ſeen any body before me? There needs but one moment to create Love.*

At this word, which did ſo preciſely mark what paſs'd in Madmoiſelle of *Roye's* Heart, ſuch a redneſs cover'd her Face, that Monſieur *Amboiſe* doubted no longer of his Diſgrace; he lean'd on a Seat, not being able to ſupport his Sorrow. *What do you make me*

to

to see, Madmoiselle? said he. *How much must you be respected to shew you any moderation, at the discovery you have made of having for another Person those Sentiments that were due to me alone on the account of that violent passion which I have for you?* Madmoiselle of *Roye*, who was pierc'd to the very bottom of her Soul with those words, could not with-hold her Tears, and she expres'd so deep a Sorrow, that Monsieur of *Amboise*, notwithstanding his Despair, was concern'd at the condition he had put her in. He look'd on her with all the timidity which the thought of having displeas'd her did suggest him, and he seem'd by his silence to repair his having said too much. At last, he ask'd her Pardon for what he had said, or rather for what he had seen. Madmoiselle of *Roye* was in an extraordinary disorder. Her trouble and her redness

redneſs had ſo cruelly betray'd her, that ſhe could not look on Monſieur of *Amboiſe* without the higheſt conſuſion imaginable; ſo that not knowing what to anſwer, and being vex'd at him, ſhe withdrew into her Cloſet, deſiring him to leave her at quiet, and to forget her.

What reſentments had not Monſieur of *Amboiſe* againſt that Perſon who depriv'd him of his Miſtreſſes's Heart, if he had follow'd its fury, he had been brought to cruel extremities againſt him; but he thought that in ſuch an occaſion, a flying out would draw on him all Madmoiſelle of *Roye*'s anger and hatred, and that he was not to proſtitute a Secret, of which he had her ſelf diſcover'd part to him, and which ſhe had let him penetrate wholly into. He repreſented to himſelf thoſe Tears which he had ſeen her ſhed, and

that

that Idea did retain his Revenge though it increas'd his Sorrow.

They remain'd some time without seeing one another; The Count of *Amboise* being certain, that he could not be pleasing to Madmoiselle of *Roye*, and having in some sort offended her, durst not appear before her, Madmoiselle of *Roye* did no less fear receiving of his Visits. There is no man more troublesom than a jealous Lover when he has cause for it, and right to shew it.

Madam of *Roye* perceiving that Monsieur of *Amboise* came no more to her House, ask'd the Reason of it to her Daughter, and distrusting by that young Person's confusion, that there had been some Debate betwixt them, she told her that she would have him to be respected, set before her what he should certainly be to her one day, and even order'd her to

have

have the Count inform'd by one that was a Friend to both, that she should be very glad to see him. Madmoiselle of *Roye* was fore'd to obey, but she was the more incens'd against him for it.

Monsieur of *Amboise* was sensible that he ought not to penetrate any further than the appearance which was favourable to him; though he fear'd to see Madmoiselle of *Roye*, he went however the next day to her House with earnestness. He found her alone in her Chamber, leaning her head on one of her hands, and in so profound thoughts, that with much ado she drew her self out of it at the noise which he made at his entring. His belief that it was the Marquess of *Sansac* who possess'd her to that degree, did renew the Count of *Amboise*'s Jealousie. *Madmoiselle*, said he sighing, *how happy are those Persons*

whose

whose Concerns can put you into so deep a Consternation, and how much is one to blame when one is——

Madmoiselle of *Roye* was vex'd to hear him begin that Discourse. Madam of *Roye*'s Command had put her in a peevish humour, so that looking on him with some kind of spight; *I have nothing to answer you*, said she, *all that I should tell you would be Suspicious, but I foresee those evils which your distrusts prepare for me. Prepare evils for you, Madmoiselle*, said he, *is it to me you speak?* Yes, said she, *I must not flatter my self, you have had some beginnings of Jealousie, which peradventure I have increas'd by my fault, I can no longer think but that you hate me.*

Alas! Madmoiselle, said he, *it is not my hatred that you fear, you fear nothing but my Love; and seeing I cannot please you, I find my self no longer worthy of you, it suf-*

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cet, I shall no longer constrain you, but will fly from you, seeing that it is the only mark of Passion in me that can please you, I shall still love you with a violent Passion, but shall never see you more.

Mademoiselle of *Roye* did not expect so much from him, but the Sorrow in which she had seen him, and the disposition in which he appear'd to be, of disingaging himself, gave her the boldness to propose it. She represented to him with mildness, that it was henceforward impossible for him to be happy in marrying of her, and that seeing he had once entertain'd suspicious thoughts of her, he would never be without some, and that she esteem'd him too much, to make him so unhappy. In fine, little by little she endeavour'd to bring him to withdraw his Word which he had given to Madam of *Roye*. He was

in such a Despair as permitted him not to answer. His Eyes were fixt upon Madmoiselle of *Roye*, from whom he expected a more favourable Answer. *Do you think well, Madmoiselle*, said he, *on what you desire of me? Do you think that I love you, and is this greatest effort of my Love due to the most cruel Tryal of your indifference? You may refuse me*, said Madmoiselle of *Roye* with Sorrow: *Can I disobey?* said he, rising from his Seat, *your Heart consents not to my happiness, and can I have any without its consent? Yet at least, Madmoiselle, guess at the excess of my tenderness, by what it makes me do against my self.*

After that he returned to *Paris*, whence he writ to Madam and Madmoiselle of *Roye*, to bid them eternally farewel. He intreated Madam of *Roye* to pardon him for going without seeing her, and for

answering so ill to those intentions that she once had in his Favour, but that distance that Madmoiselle of *Roye* was from him, did put so invincible an obstacle to it, that Marriage could not make him happy, except it also rendred that Person happy which he lov'd; and that he was going to carry his Grief into some remote place, to cure himself, if it was possible, through absence. In short, some days after, having fully justified himself from being in the Prince of *Conde's* Conspiracy, he went over into *England* with the King's permission.

Madam of *Roye* was very discontented, that a Marriage which she had so earnestly desired, should meet with such obstacles. She had a perfect an Esteem for Monsieur *d'Amboise*, that she thought there was none but him worthy of her Alliance. She spoke to her Daugh-

ter very ſenſibly, and told her she deſerv'd not to be belov'd by the Count, and that she should be deſervedly puniſh'd for her indifferency to him, in marrying ſome Perſon that should be ſo to her. She wip'd off her Mother's anger with ſome vexation, but her Threatnings did not much affright her; She thought that *Sanſac* would take advantage of that Liberty in which *D'Amboiſe* had left him, but she did not know what had already paſs'd on that account.

Madam of *Roye* brought her back again to *Paris*, and the noiſe being ſpread abroad of her breaking off with Monſieur of *Amboiſe*, all theſe that could pretend to her, did endeavour to obtain her.

The Count of *Sancerre*, who had had ſome inclinations towards her from the firſt inſtant that he had ſeen her, was not then in *France*. The

The Marqueſs of *Sanſac*, ignorant that Monſieur of *Amboiſe* had diſengag'd himſelf, was ſtill at his Father's Houſe, but it was not long before he heard of it. Amongſt thoſe who thought on Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, the Viſcount of *Tavanes* was the moſt earneſt, and he made ſome Propoſitions to marry her. So ſoon as she was at *Paris*, Madam of *Tournon* did aſſiſt him with all her power. It was a buſineſs of great import to her to have that Marriage fixt, before *Sanſac* ſhould know that the Count of *Amboiſe* pretended no longer to Madmoiſelle of *Roye*. She repreſented to Madam of *Roye* all the advantages of that Match. The Viſcount of *Tavanes* had a vaſt Eſtate, and was ſtill ſeeking to increaſe it, ſo that he conſider'd more Madmoiſelle of *Roye* on the account of thoſe means which were deſign'd her, than on that of her Beauty.

Madam of *Roye*, who had no concealment from Madam of *Tournon*, had intrusted her with all the Count of *Amboise*'s Conduct towards her Daughter, and had intreated her to discover, whether that young Person had not some secret inclinations. Though her distrusts had at first lighted on the Marquess of *Sanfac*, the refusal which she had made of him, did put her so out of condition of patching it up handsomly again, that it made her wholly decline that Marriage.

Madam of *Tournon* did so certainly believe, that if *Sanfac* lov'd Madmoiselle of *Roye*, he was also belov'd by her, that she went not about to confirm her self in it. Mean time she told Madam of *Roye*, that upon the Examination of her Daughter, she had found in her an indifferency for all men, and more particularly for *Sanfac*; that

that it was likely, that too much Love in the Count of *Amboiſe* had made him to decline the marrying a Perſon who was ſo incapable of paſſion, as not to know or diſcern the Sentiments that were had for her. In fine, ſhe adviſ'd her to accept of the Viſcount of *Tavanes* for her Son-in-law. The buſineſs was treated with much Secrecy, and it had been quickly diſpatch'd, if the King's Sickneſs had not ſuſpended all things.

He was ſeiz'd, while he was Hunting, with ſuch a violent pain in his Head, that from the very beginning the conſequences of it were dreaded. That danger he was in recall'd back to *Paris* all thoſe that were concern'd for his life. The Marqueſs of *Sanſac* return'd in diligence; The Count of *Amboiſe*, though he was ſcarce arriv'd in *England*, return'd into *France*. That Sickneſs prov'd as fatal as it

had been ſudden. The King died within the ſpace of eight days, and his Death gave a new face to all things. Queen *Mary* of *Scotland* loſt all that Authority which ſhe had acquired. *Catherine* of *Medicis* was declared Regent during the Minority of *Charles* the Ninth, and was abſolute. The Prince of *Conde*, who had been arreſted for that Conſpiracy of which he was thought to be the Chief, was ſet at Liberty; he ſtill had a great Eſteem for *Amboiſe*; and though he could not prevail with him to enter into his Intereſts, he had not lov'd him the leſs.

The Marqueſs of *Sanſac* did ſpeak with Madmoiſelle of *Roye* the next day that he came to *Paris*; ſhe was at Madam of *Tournon*'s, where there was great ſtore of Company, and ſho was ſomewhat at a diſtance from the reſt, ſo that he found a means to place himſelf near her, without

without being oppos'd in it by Madam of *Tournon*.

He ask'd Pardon of Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, for thoſe Propoſitions which he had caus'd to be made to her Mother, before he had conſulted her; he accus'd thereof the violence of his Paſſion, and he told her, *That what he had heard of her hatred towards him, and Madam of* Roye's *refuſal had ſufficiently puniſh'd him for it.* Madmoiſelle of *Roye* was ſurpris'd at that Diſcourſe. *You learn me ſuch new things*, ſaid ſhe, *that I am troubled how to anſwer, and I am as ignorant of the hatred that you ſay I have for you, as of all the reſt.*

Madam of *Tournon*, who perceiv'd him very buſie in Diſcourſe with Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, feigning not to ſee it, call'd to her to draw near, telling her, that ſhe was at too much diſtance from

the reſt of the Company.

When Madmoiſelle of *Roye* made reflexions on what he had told her, ſhe believ'd that thoſe Propoſitions had been made that very day, and that ſome Reaſons of Intereſt or of Hatred had determined her Mother on a refuſal; ſo ſhe concluded, that ſhe ſhould not marry *Sanſac* at the ſame inſtant that ſhe was certain of being tenderly belov'd by him.

Mean time this Marqueſs was gathering freſh hopes, he perceived that he was not hated. He further comprehended, that perhaps Madam of *Roye*, in refuſing him ſo cruelly, had ſought no further than to keep her Word with Monſieur of *Amboiſe*, and that things being now chang'd as to that Concern, a ſecond Attempt might ſucceed. He would have engag'd his Father the very next morning, to mention it to Ma-

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dam of *Roye*, but he found him so pierc'd with sorrow for the Death of the King, whose Governour he had been, that he would not so much as hear him.

This Marquess was too amorous not to fear being prevented by his Rivals. He knew Madam of *Tournon's* power over Madam of *Roye*; he declar'd to her his Love, and did conjure her to speak in his behalf, till his Father could enter on that business. Madam of *Tournon* was offended at this confidence, but she took upon her to dissemble, and she did not much fear but that it would succeed. She assur'd him, that it should not be her fault if he was not happy. He believ'd her, and in that belief he went to see Madam of *Roye* that very day, but many things had pass'd that he knew not of.

So soon as Monsieur of *Amboise* was return'd from *England*, he had waited

waited on that Countess, who had receiv'd him with great affection; She had but newly inform'd her Daughter that she design'd her for the Viscount of *Tavanes*, and that News had given her so great a trouble, that she had had no more time but to answer, that she should always obey her, and had gone out of her Mother's Chamber to give a full vent to her Tears.

When she perceiv'd that she had avoided to marry the Count of *Amboise*, but to be deliver'd up to the Viscount of *Tavanes*, she was inconsolable. His Person had always displeas'd her, and his design rendred him odious; She believ'd that that perfect Esteem which she had for the Count of *Amboise*, might supply the place of Love, and that it had been easier for her to become his, since she had no longer hopes of marrying *Sansac*, than to be the Viscount

count of *Tavanes*'s. In fine, the paſs'd danger did no longer appear an evil to her, and ſhe gave that name but to the preſent.

Madam of *Roye*, deſirous to let *Amboiſe* know he had not loſt her confiance in him, made no Secret to him of Monſieur of *Tavanes*'s Marriage with her Daughter, and ſhe ſpoke to him of it, as a thing that would be very ſoon concluded. What did not that News produce in Monſieur of *Amboiſe*'s mind? Madmoiſelle of *Roye* was going to marry a man whom he knew that ſhe did not love. The thoughts of loſing her for ever, and to ſee her in the poſſeſſion of an Huſband, who had ſo little deſerv'd her, did excite at once his deſpair and his indignation.

He begg'd the permiſſion of Madam of *Roye* of ſeeing her Daughter, and he immediately went to find her in her Apartment. She

was

was in such a sorrowful condition, that he stood not in need of his discourse of Love to be sensibly moved with it. Her Face was cover'd with Tears, which did not diminish her Beauty. *You are Witness of my Sorrow*, said she, (finding that she could not hide her Tears) *and you will soon learn what has caus'd it. I know, it may be, but too much already*, reply'd he, *and I dare say, Madmoiselle, that I am more sensible of those evils that you feel, than of all those that you have made me. How cruel is your goodness to me*, said Madmoiselle of Roye, *whose Sorrow forc'd to speak? Conceal it from me in compassion, that I may less know the value of what I have lost. What do you tell me, Madmoiselle?* said he, *I have not acquired so much indifferency, as to hear quietly those words from your mouth. I seek not to flatter you*, said she, *but it is certain that*

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I ſhall repent my ſelf all my life time of the proceeding that I have had with you, and that I ſhall find my ſelf moſt unfortunate in marrying the Viſcount of Tavanes. *Ah! Madmoiſelle,* ſaid he, *I cannot complain of my diſgrace, ſince it draws from you ſuch obliging words in my behalf; is it poſſible for you to prefer me to any one? I had never known it, had you not forc'd me to renounce my pretences to you; but what obſtacles ſoever I have put to my happineſs, it were not impoſſible for me to overcome them, if you conſented to it. You would have my conſent much more eaſily, if that ſignified any thing,* ſaid Madmoiſelle of Roye, *who ſaw nothing yet but the torment of marrying* Tavanes. Monſieur of *Ambeiſe* was ſo tranſported with the Joy which thoſe words gave him, that he had no proſpect of what could trouble her. The Suſpicions which he had

had had of *Sanſac*, were blotted out of his mind. He found that he had taken them on light Suſpicion. Madam of *Roye* had ſpoken to him of *Tavanes*'s Marriage as a thing very far advanc'd, but not wholly concluded. He went to the Prince of *Conde*, he conjur'd him to ſpeak to Madam of *Roye*, for he had been in too great a confuſion in ſpeaking to her himſelf, becauſe of the irregularity which he had ſhewn in his proceeding. That Prince who had ſo far condeſcended as to enter into the Particulars of his Amours, ſo ſoon as it had began, ſeiz'd on that opportunity of doing him a good office. He went to ſee Madam of *Roye*, and he eaſily engaged her to re-enter into her former Friendſhip with the Count of *Amboiſe*, whom ſhe had always valued more than all the reſt: She told her Daughter, that if it was

true

true that she had no inclinations towards the Viscount of *Tavanes*, she would proceed no further with him, but take up again her first Engagements with Monsieur of *Amboise*.

Madmoiselle of *Roye*, who had at first only thought of not marrying *Tavanes*, perceiv'd that she had but chang'd her misfortune; this of truth, was the least of the two, but it was sufficient to bring her to despair. In fine, 'twas her own doing, there was no ways left for her to avoid it, wherefore she told her Mother, that she would obey her without any repugnancy.

Madam of *Roye* did raise some difficulties about the Marriage of the Count of *Tavanes*, and having not yet engag'd her Word to him, she broke off the Match, as if she had not design'd any such thing.

Madam of *Tournon*, who was too

too deeply engag'd in her Friendſhip, to be ignorant of what paſs'd, did offer *Sanſac*'s Propoſitions to her; after ſhe had found that there was no hopes left for him, which made him be refus'd a ſecond time. That Counteſs inform'd him of it, with all the malice that ſhe was capable of. She made him a confidence of *Tavanes*'s Deſigns, and of their Progreſs, telling him beſides, that Madmoiſelle of *Roye* could not bear the thoughts of being any body's elſe but *Amboiſe*'s; that a ſmall thing having made them to differ, their Accommodation had been eaſie; and that ſhe had her ſelf engag'd her Lover to get ſome body to ſpeak to her Mother about it. The thing was true in appearance, ſhe told it in the ſame manner to ſome Perſons, that it might be reported again to *Sanſac*. He entred into a violent Fury againſt

againſt Madmoiſelle of *Roye*; he accus'd her of having deceiv'd him by her falſe Kindneſs. He accus'd himſelf of having deſign'd to deceive himſelf. He examin'd how feeble thoſe things were which had flatter'd him. In fine, he abandon'd himſelf to deſpair, as eaſily as he had given himſelf up to hope, and at laſt ceas'd from ſeeing Madmoiſelle of *Roye*.

She had taken up a reſolution, which ſhe had much to do to keep, her Sorrow was exceſſive, and *Amboiſe* was not ſo happy as not to diſcern it. All thoſe Suſpicions which he had entertain'd of *Sanſac*, return'd into his mind, yet the preference which ſhe had given him to the Viſcount of *Tavanes*, and the flattering things which ſhe had told him on that Subject, did buoy him up againſt his Suſpicions; and though thoſe reflexions might diſturb that good

Fortune

Fortune which he waited for, it did not hinder him from expecting of it.

All things did disposse themselves in order to his Marriage. Madmoiselle of *Roye* had a great regard for him; but when she was alone, she would compensate *Sansac* with a Deluge of Tears. She look'd upon her self as the Cause of his Sorrows. She had never seen her self so ready to enter into an Engagement, against which her whole Heart did revolt. She was not able to support those various agitations, and she fell sick.

What a trouble was this to Monsieur of *Amboise!* he could not doubt but that her sickness was the effect of that vexation which she had of marrying him. He thought himself oblig'd to visit her every day, and he found her full of Respect for him. Notwithstanding the Grief which she caused

ſed him, he eſteem'd her the more, and he lov'd her not leſs, on the contrary, Admiration and Compaſſion joyning with his other Sentiments, did render his Paſſion the ſtronger, but at the ſame time more capable of Reaſon. How could he find in his heart to force a Perſon, who conſtrained her ſelf for his ſake? He found that he muſt diſingage himſelf a ſecond time, but then in reſtoring Madmoiſelle of *Roye* to her ſelf, he ſhould put her into the hands of his Rival. That thought would make him tremble, and he reſolved on nothing.

Mean time Madmoiſelle of *Roy*'s ſickneſs increas'd daily. He then was ſenſible, that he lov'd her to that degree, as not to diſpute her any longer to his Rival at ſo dear a rate as her own life. He found that she could not be but unhappy with any other. He thought

he

he might obtain ſo much over himſelf. He even flatter'd himſelf with the thoughts, that peradventure an extraordinary Action would produce an extraordinary Effect, and that if it did not bring back Madmoiſelle of *Roye* to him, by doing that for her which another were not capable to do, he ſhould at leaſt render all other men unworthy of being belov'd by her. Finally, out of the Shipwrack of all his Hopes, he did frame to himſelf a new kind of Hope. At leaſt he thought that he ſhould ſower his Rival's happineſs, in reſigning his Miſtreſs to him. But after all, theſe were but Ideas. His heart could not reliſh thoſe Reaſons, and it was eaſier for him to perform the buſineſs, than to reſolve it.

The next day he went to ſee Madmoiſelle of *Roye*. He found her weeping; though ſhe endeavour'd

vour'd to conceal her Tears, and to ſhew a ſerene and clear Countenance. It is difficult to repreſent the condition he found himſelf in. The ſtrugglings, the conſtraint, which was made in his behalf, did lead him unto that which he was to do on himſelf. Love, Compaſſion, Deſpair did produce a thouſand Combats in his Soul. He remain'd a long while without ſpeaking; but at laſt, beholding Madmoiſelle of *Roye* with Eyes bathed in Tears; *Madmoiſelle*, ſaid he, *you have hitherto had more ſtrength than I, I tremble at my Project, but yet I may execute it. You ſet before me an Example of dying, if it muſt be ſo, through conſtraint. Well, the buſineſs is done, I will tear me from my ſelf, conceal not from me your Sentiments for* Sadiac. *I will undertake any thing to make him enjoy an Happineſs, of which you judge*

him

him more deserving than me; for can I be more unhappy than I am already? At least I shall please you in giving you to my Rival. He observ'd, during this Discourse, an impression of Joy on the Face of Madmoiselle of *Roye*, which he had never before seen. He was in a Despair at what he was going to do, and yet did not repent it. There are certain moments in which one seems to act by a superiour Power; what he was doing did more partake of the Hero than of the Lover, and at the same time did render him worthy both of Envy and Compassion. *I am going, Madmoiselle*, said he, *about a Design which will not be finish'd if retarded, and all the Favour that I require of you, is, not to forget, where-ever you see me, that I am the most miserable of all men for Love of You.* Madmoiselle de *Roye* was not able to resist the

diverſity of emotion that ſhe was in. Surpriſe, Fear, and Shame did agitate her Heart, inſomuch that her Feaver redoubled in an inſtant, ſo conſiderably, that it was thought her Life was going to be in very great danger. There needed not ſo much to fix Monſieur of *Amboiſe* in his reſolution. He run to Madam of *Roye's* Apartment, he inform'd her of the danger in which her Daughter was, and of the Paſſion which had ſeiz'd her Heart. He conjur'd her to have no further regard for him, and to think of nothing but of Madmoiſelle of *Roye*. That Mother did really love her Daughter. That young Perſon's ſickneſs did put her in a wonderful agitation, and any thing that could contribute to her Cure, did ſeem pleaſing to her. She expreſs'd to Monſieur of *Amboiſe* how ſenſible ſhe was of his Generoſity, and

gave him Praiſes, of which he was very inſenſible. He found that he ſucceeded too eaſily in that which he had undertaken. He left Madam of *Roye*, and went home, where he ſhut himſelf up, and abandoned himſelf unto all that Deſpair can repreſent us of horrid. When he found that he had no more to do, he thought on what he had done. He leiſurely look'd on the Marriage of Madmoiſelle of *Roye* with the Marqueſs of *Sanſac*, againſt which there were no more obſtacles to remove. He found that he himſelf had deliver'd her unto him, whom of all other men he ſhould moſt fear ſhould poſſeſs her, and he was a thouſand times on the point of puniſhing him for what he had already done for him, to prevent him by his death, from obtaining a good which he had newly abandon'd to him. After that, he repre-

repreſented to himſelf that condition in which he had ſeen Madmoiſelle of *Roye*. That Idea would retain him, but then he would conſider to what an exceſs of miſery his Compaſſion had brought him. He appear'd as newly come out of a Dream, and he had much ado to believe the Reality of that which he had the power to perform. He fanſied that Madmoiſelle of *Roye* would forget what he had done for her, and how much it had coſt him, through the Joy that ſhe ſhould receive of being poſſeſs'd by a man whom ſhe tenderly lov'd. That reflexion rendred all things unſufferable to him; he fancy'd that he could hate Madmoiſelle of *Roye* as much as he did *Sanſac*, and he believ'd that he would never ſee the one nor the other.

Madam of *Roye* did employ one of her Friends, who was Friend

also to the Marquess of *Sansac*, to let him know that Monsieur of *Amboise* was wholly disingag'd from Madmoiselle of *Roye*, and that if he made any steps towards obtaining of her, he should no longer meet with any obstacles. That Marquess was too deeply in Love, to make any reflexions on those Refusals which he had twice already receiv'd. Those Advances which Madam of *Roye* now made him, were sufficient reparations, but he was desirous to know her Daughter's Sentiments. He went to that Countess's; where he did see Madmoiselle of *Roye*, unto whom Joy restor'd that Health, which Sorrow and Grief had taken from her. It was not hard for him to perceive that he was belov'd; he partly apprehended it by those things which she let scape, and more yet by those which she avoided to tell him.

The

The Marqueſs of *Sanſac* informed his Father of the favourable Change to his advantage, which had been made in Madmoiſelle of *Roye*'s mind, but he found that he was no longer in the ſame diſpoſitions for her Alliance. That refuſal which ſhe had made of her Son, had ſo irritated him, as never to be reconcil'd; but other Reaſons beſides did joyn themſelves to that. The Count of *Sanſac* was hated by *Catherine de Medicis*, becauſe he had been Governour to *Francis* the Second, who ſhe had never lov'd. She complain'd that that Governour had brought him up in a great independency in regard of her, and ſhe had ſome diſguſt even againſt his Son alſo, on that account. She had had occaſion to obſerve when he dyed, how much her Sentiments had been reſpected by all the Court, except the *Sanſacs*.

The Body of the late King was carried to St. *Denis* without any Shew. Meſſieurs of *Guiſe*, the Uncles to the Queen his Wife, waited not on the Corps, and that the Count of *Sanſac* alone, with his Son, did accompany him. The Queen Regent was not long without shewing her reſentments towards the Count of *Sanſac* on divers occaſions. He was no longer ſeconded by any Perſon, he found that he had occaſion of being ſupported.

Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, and even Madam of *Roye* alſo, who troubled not her ſelf, but with what concern'd her Daughter, having always follow'd the Court of *Mary* of *Scotland*, more than that of *Catherine de Medicis*, were not proper Perſons to reſtore him again into Favour. He had other Vows, and he told his Son, that after the diſobliging refuſal which

Madam

Madam of *Roye* had made of receiving him for her Son-in-law, he ought to be asham'd of desiring still to become so, and declar'd, that he would never give his Consent to that Marriage. That Lover did cast himself at his Father's feet; he told him, that the happiness of his whole life depended on marrying of Madmoiselle of *Roye*, but he could not make him alter his Design.

The Marquess of *Sansac* rebelled against his Father at that Severity, his Mother had left him great means, and though those of his Father were considerable, he sacrific'd them all without reluctancy to his Love. He drew two of his Uncles to his Party, who made all the steps which were to be made towards Madam of *Roye*, and whose Propositions were receiv'd, but on condition that the Marquess of *Sansac* should

reconcile himſelf to his Father again, before the Marriage ſhould be finiſh'd, and that their Treaty ſhould remain ſecret till then.

Mean time that Marqueſs had the liberty to viſit frequently Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, whoſe health did daily ſtrengthen, and whoſe Beauty did ſtill increaſe, ſince her heart had been at eaſe. She ſenſibly did feel what ſhe owed to the Count of *Amboiſe*. She would gladly have ſhewn him, how much ſhe was concern'd at it, and have given him ſome ſatisfaction in her acknowledgment for thoſe Sentiments which ſhe could not have for him; but ſhe could not ſee him to do it, becauſe he took care to avoid her. Mean time he learnt that her Marriage with *Sanſac* was not ſuddenly to be accompliſh'd; but though thoſe thoughts might in ſome meaſure alleviate his grief, heyt ook it not away.

Madmoi-

Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac* return'd to *Paris*, ſhe learnt with no ſmall pleaſure *Amboiſe's* Action, and ſhe continually did ſpeak of it to Madmoiſelle of *Roye*. One day that they were walking together in the Gardens of the *Louvre*, they met with him all alone, raving ſo profoundly, that he was near Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, without perceiving it. He would have continu'd his Walk, but that ſhe ſtopped him. *You will let me*, ſaid ſhe, *make advantage of theſe opportunities which meer Chance affords me, of letting you know my Sentiments, I have long ſought after them in vain. Why, Madmoiſelle*, ſaid he, *it would be cruel to deſire to ſee me ſtill, I am of no uſe to you.* And making her a profound Reverence, he retired, without looking once on Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac*. They were ſurpris'd at this flight. Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac* was

vex'd that he had not so much as taken notice of her. Madmoiselle of *Roye* knew by the Count's Sorrow, and by his sudden Retreat, how strong his Passion still remain'd, and how extraordinary his Generosity had been. She had a most sensible Grief, for having rendred so worthy a man so miserable.

He was very much troubled for having left her so abruptly, he fear'd having offended her, and that she should come in time to hate him. In short, he had still felt some satisfaction in seeing her. He had depriv'd himself of that content for fear of abandoning himself too much to it; but he found that his Reasoning had been too cruel, and what could happen to him of greater Sorrow, than to be hated by Madmoiselle of *Roye*, and of never seeing her? Yet he would not go to her House, but he found that

that it would be a great ſatisfaction to him to meet her.

Sanſac did find the retarding of his happineſs ſo unſufferable, that he was not much leſs afflicted, than when he was uncertain of being belov'd. It was in vain that he preſs'd Madam of *Roye* to conſent that he ſhould marry her Daughter, but notwithſtanding the Marqueſs of *Sanſac*'s vexations, ſhe would not conſent that he ſhould loſe part of his Eſtate by making too much haſte. That Eſteem which that Counteſs had for *D'Amboiſe*, did make her wiſh that he might ſtill remain in the number of her Friends. Mean time, though ſhe was vexed that ſhe no longer had any Commerce with him, ſhe durſt not reproach him of it, but having occaſion to employ him in a conſiderable buſineſs, she let him know it, and he could not diſpence from going

to

to her. He return'd thither with ſome trouble and with ſome ſatisfaction. He found Madmoiſelle of *Roye* all alone in her Mother's Chamber, and he was ſo ſurpris'd and ſeiz'd at the ſight of her, that he remain'd without motion.

Madam of *Roye* was in her Cloſet with a Perſon of Worth, when he came in. They being buſie in a particular Concern, she met him, and intreated him to remain one moment with her Daughter in her Chamber. Madmoiſelle of *Roye* was at firſt ſight diſturb'd at the preſence of a man unto whom she was ſo infinitely oblig'd, and whom she judg'd, by what had lately happen'd, that even her acknowledgment might trouble. Monſieur the Count of *Ambaiſe's* trouble was extraordinary, he found himſelf again near a Perſon who he had been forc'd to abandon, but who he ſtill ador'd, and yet would

no more declare it, though he wiſht she did know it; in fine, with a Perſon who rais'd in him a moſt cruel Jealouſie, and who inſpired him with extreme Reſpect. They both kept ſilence for a time, and she firſt broke it. *I cannot hinder my ſelf from rejoycing at the ſight of you*, ſaid ſhe, *though you appear not to be pleas'd with being here. Madmoiſelle*, reply'd he, *is it poſſible that the preſence of a Miſerable, whom you have forc'd to renounce you, ſhould not be diſpleaſing to you? I have not conſtrain'd you to it*, ſaid Madmoiſelle of Roye, *you have made me a voluntary Sacrifice. 'Las! Madmoiſelle, you were dying, if I had not made it. You could not bear the thought of being mine; I was depriving you of that Perſon without which you cannot live. You ſay a great deal*, reply'd Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, bluſhing. *'Las! Madam, why all*

all this conſtraint and reſervedneſs? Confeſs that you love my Rival. I know it, and I can perceive it, againſt my will, and that reſervedneſs of which you make uſe, is a refinement of tenderneſs, of which I am more jealous, than of all other things which you could ſignifie to me, that you had for him. But what am I telling you, continu'd he, *why do I let you ſee theſe things? I beg your pardon, I love you, I ſhall love you all my life. I could not ſo maſter my ſelf, as not to ſpeak to you once of* Sanſac, *but I ſhall mention him no more. I reſpect you enough, to reſpect even your Paſſion. I ſhall inceſſantly conſtrain my ſelf, and I ſhall never entertain you of mine. And the only Favour that I demand of you, is, that you would conſider me, as ſomething more than a Friend. I even look upon you*, reply'd ſhe, *as ſomething more than a Lover. You have*

have done for me things ſo little common, that I cannot have for you any common Sentiments.

That Count's Conduct had been ſo worthy of Admiration, and Madmoiſelle of *Roye* was ſo oblig'd to him, that ſhe thought ſhe ought to ſpeak to him with mildneſs, yet after ſuch a manner, as ſhould not flatter his Love; therefore thoſe words did cauſe him to ſigh. Madam of *Roye* came in as ſhe was ending. That Counteſs inform'd Monſieur of *Amboiſe* in what he could ſerve her, and he promis'd to obey her punctually in what ſhe deſired. They were of ſome Concern to Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, and he found himſelf pleaſed with the pleaſure of ſerving her. Her Civilities, or rather her Sight, had re-eſtabliſh'd a kind of Softneſs in his Soul, though ſhe had not ſaid any thing to him which favour'd his Paſſion. It was

ſtill

ſtill much, that ſhe had for him all the Eſteem which he deſerv'd, and that ſhe had given him notice of it.

The buſineſs in which Madam of *Roye* had employ'd him, did oblige him to return more than once to her Houſe. He no longer did avoid Madmoiſelle of *Roy's* Company, and he began again to accuſtom himſelf to ſpeak to her. It may be alſo that he found in his heart ſome tendency towards hope. The obſtacles which oppos'd the Marriage of the Marqueſs of *Sanſac*, might laſt long. It was not impoſſible but that a ſubmiſſive and diſintereſſed Conduct might acquire a particular good Will from Madmoiſelle of *Roye* towards him, and that he never mentioning his Paſſion to her, yet ſtill letting her perceive that it was not extinct, ſhould not gain at laſt ſome advantage on thoſe

Senti-

Sentiments which ſhe had for a Rival, who deſerv'd them leſs than he.

Madam of *Tournon* was ſtrangely vext that ſhe could not prevent the conjunction of *Sanſac* with Madmoiſelle of *Roye*; ſhe ſought after ſome means, at leaſt, to break it, and the Count of *Sancerre*, who about that time return'd to *Paris*, appear'd fit to ſerve her in that Deſign, he was her particular Friend, but he had never inform'd her of his inclinations towards Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, and ſhe had diſcover'd it but through that application which ſhe had always had for any thing that concern'd that lovely Perſon; he had ever had much to do to own a paſſion to her from which he hoped ſo little, that he had conceal'd it even from the Perſon who had caus'd it.

The

The Count of *Sancerre* was well made, he was ſubtle, dextrous, and witty. The Counteſs had prevented him as much as ſhe could from loving Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, and ſhe had contributed much in making him undertake that Journey which he had made partly to avoid her. But Love caus'd her to change her Deſigns, ſhe ſacrific'd the Jealouſie of Love unto that tenderneſs which ſhe had for *Sanſac*, and ſhe did aſſure the Count of *Sancerre*, that ſhe ſhould compaſs her Ends in making him to marry her, provided he would exactly follow that conduct which ſhe ſhould preſcribe to him. She advis'd him to endeavour to inſinuate himſelf in her mind, under the notion of a Friend, and to conceal from her his real Sentiments, till the fit time to let them break forth with ſucceſs. *Sancerre* did approve of

an

an Advice which did ſo well agree with his Humour and his Intereſt.

Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac* could not bear with that indifferency which *d'Amboiſe* had for her, ſhe began to treat him ill, and to be almoſt rude to him, which from a rational Perſon could not be but ſo many marks of a paſſion. He underſtood, with trouble, thoſe Sentiments unto which he could not anſwer, and of which his own misfortunes did invite him to have ſome compaſſion. Madmoiſelle of *Roye* perceived in what a condition the heart of her Friend was, by thoſe odd kind of Complaints which she inceſſantly made her of that Count. She fear'd every thing, from a diſpoſition like that of Monſieur of *Amboiſe*; ſometimes she did hope that Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac*'s tenderneſs would move him; she would have mention'd

tion'd it to him, but when she reflected on the independency of inclinations, that which she felt in her Heart of that Nature, caus'd her to tremble, in the behalf of her Friend.

Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac* remain'd in a Melancholy, which prevented the return of her health. She had ask'd leave of the Queen to withdraw her ſelf from Court, and she liv'd with her Father very retiredly. Madmoiſelle of *Roye* did ſhare in her troubles, and she was ſo juſt as to remain oblig'd to her for it. That indifferency which Madmoiſelle of *Roye* had for *D'Amboiſe*, did flatter Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac*, and hindred her from hating of her. She endeavour'd to ſoften her Father's mind on *Sanſac*'s Marriage with Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, and deſpair'd not of accompliſhing it; but there happen'd new Cauſes of Sorrow, which prevent-

prevented her from executing that which she had propos'd.

One day that they were together in Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac*'s Coach, they perceiv'd *Amboiſe* in his, carried away by his Horſes with ſo much violence, that his life was in danger. Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac* grew pale, and bid her men to drive her Coach croſs their paſſage to ſtop them. She ſpoke in ſuch an earneſt and preſſing manner to them, that notwithſtanding the danger which they run in themſelves in obeying, they follow'd her Orders, which was done with ſo much good Fortune, the Horſes, whoſe firſt fury began to relent, meeting with the others in Front, paſs'd no further.

As he was going to return thanks to thoſe who had put themſelves in danger to ſave him, he perceiv'd *Sanſac*'s Liveries, he thought

thought it was his Rival, and was ſtrangely troubled to owe him his life. Mean time, not to let him ſee any ingratitude, which he naturally had not, he advanc'd towards that Coach, but perceiv'd in it nothing but Women. Madmoiſelle of *Roye* did preſent her ſelf firſt to his ſight, Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac* had found her ſelf ſo ill through the diſturbance which that Adventure had caus'd in her, that she had been oblig'd to lean on one of her hands. He was beginning to return thanks to Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, in terms in which his Paſſion did expreſs it ſelf againſt his Will; but she told him, that he owed the whole obligation to Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac*; and though he was vex'd to have deceiv'd himſelf in a thing that had ſo much pleas'd him, he could not diſpence himſelf from returning her thanks with great acknowledgments;

edgments; he left them to let them continue their way.

After he had left them, Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac* finding her ſelf with Madmoiſelle of *Roye*; *You have ſeen my weakneſs*, ſaid she, *it is no longer time for me to diſtinguiſh it. I have always deny'd my ſelf the ſatisfaction of complaining to you, that I might not entertain a Sorrow which I condemn. Take pity on me, and afford me ſome conſolation. You are not guilty*, answer'd Madmoiſelle of Roye, *no perſon is exempt from paſſion, it is ſufficient for us to oppoſe them. I would that the confidence which you ſhew me, might be of uſe to you.* She embrac'd her in saying theſe words. Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac* perceiv'd with Sorrow, that they were come to that place where they were expected. That Converſation did pleaſe her, and she intreated Madmoiſelle of *Roye* to come

come the next morning, if sh
could, to walk with her in a plea
sant place, where her little shar
of health oblig'd her to take th
Air every morning.

Madmoiselle of *Roye* saw onc
more that day the Count of *Am*
boise at Madam of *Tournon's*. Th
Company was at Play, they were
the only two Persons that did no
so. Madmoiselle of *Roye* drew
near to the Window, to speak t
that Count. She was desirous t
know after what manner he woul
resent that which Madmoiselle o
Sansac had done for him. *I ha*
some delight to think that it wa
to you that I owed my life, said he
Madmoiselle, but you will not s
much permit me to enjoy an Errour
which may be pleasing to me. Wha
do you tell me, reply'd Madmoisell
of *Roye*, interrupting him ?
should be very sorry that you shou
always have such Sentiments

shou

ſhould give you occaſion of not being well pleas'd with me, and that gave me cauſe alſo of not being well pleas'd with you. Madmoiſelle, anſwer'd he, *I did not think to trouble you. I require no paſſion of you*, added he againſt his Will, *leave me mine, that's all I require of you. I cannot conſent to it*, ſaid ſhe, *that conſideration that I have for you oppoſes it ſelf to it, and if you did but know in what an extremity one finds one ſelf when one is full of eſteem, of acknowledgments, and if one dares to ſay it, of pity, for a Perſon that would merit ſomething more, I ſhould not peradventure appear to you leſs to be pitied than you your ſelf.* Upon this they both kept ſilence; Then Madmoiſelle of *Roye* repreſenting to her ſelf earneſtly the condition in which ſhe had ſeen her Friend, could not reſiſt the deſire that ſhe had to make a Merit of it towards the

Count; She design'd to render him sensible of the pleasure of being belov'd by a beautiful Person; She made him a sensible representation of Madmoiselle of *Sansac*'s Sentiments. In fine, she knew that she hazarded nothing in making him such a confidence. The Count's discretion was known, and it was certain, that if he gloried not in his Conquest, however he would not make any boast of it. He could not answer to that which she had said, because that Madam of *Roye*, who had left off play, did rise to be gone, and took her Daughter along with her, even before that she had finish'd what she had to say, but he thought of nothing but to prevent her from believing that he had made any reflexion on it.

Madmoiselle of *Roye* would not inform Monsieur of *Sansac*, that the Count of *Amboise* was not yet be-

come

come wholly indifferent, for fear of exciting him against a Person to whom he was oblig'd for yielding up his Right to him. She owed that weak consideration unto the Count, in consideration of those extraordinary things which he had done for her. Those Sentiments did not hurt her Passion. She was far from taking any other for Monsieur of *Amboise* than those of Compassion; and if she was divided betwixt those two Lovers, it was that she pitied the one, and lov'd the other.

D'Amboise had found out a Pretence to go the next morning to Madam of *Roye*, but he met her at the Gate of the *Louver*. He told her that he had had that Design, and that having divers things to say, he would do it when she were return'd. He asked one of those Women that accompanied her, the Reason why

Madmoiſelle of *Roye* was not with her Mother. Who told him, that ſhe was gone to walk, and nam'd to him the place. But ſhe told him not that it was with Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac*, becauſe ſhe was following of Madam of *Roye*, and wanted time to do it.

Monſieur of *Amboiſe* run to the place, without examining any further. It was in one of thoſe fine places, which credit their Maſters by being ſeen. Perſons came to it two different ways; he came into the Garden, where he found at firſt none but Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac*. Madmoiſelle of *Roye* had been detain'd by Madam of *Tournon*, who having met her, would have accompanied her, ſo that ſhe had feign'd to go elſewhere, that ſhe might be alone with her Friend.

D'Amboiſe, who had been perceiv'd by Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac*, could not avoid ſpeaking to her.

She

She told him, that she was expecting Madmoiselle of *Roye*, and that she was weary of staying for her; so that he could not leave her till her Company was come. They were both in a disorder, the Count did fancy that Madmoiselle of *Roye* seeing him with Madmoiselle of *Sansac*, would fancy that he might have made some reflexions on what had been said the night before, and he had left her abruptly, had he not been detain'd with a desire of seeing Madmoiselle of *Roye*. Madmoiselle of *Sansac* was not in a less perplexity. She had not been sorry that he had known some part of her Sentiments, and she had been in great disorder in declaring them to him her self.

The End of the First Part.

THE Count of *Amboise*; OR, THE GENEROUS LOVER.

PART II.

AT last Madmoiselle of *Roye* did joyn them; they were not far from the Garden-door, and they went to meet her so far. She joy'd the Count for being in so good Company, with a design of obliging him to say some

ſome kind thing or other to Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac*, but he preſently took upon him to juſtifie his intentions after a manner which caus'd Madmoiſelle of *Roye* to fear leſt he ſhould diſoblige her Friend; She made a pretence of immediately returning, took Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac* with her. *I will*, ſaid ſhe to Monſieur of *Amboiſe*, *take her from you, to puniſh you of your diſſimulation.* Ending theſe words, ſhe got into her Coach with ſo much haſte, that he had not time to anſwer.

He was very much troubled to ſee Madmoiſelle of *Roye*'s obſtinacy in perſwading her ſelf in an opinion, which he knew however would not trouble her; whether he fear'd giving her the leaſt ſubject of Jealouſie, or of giving her none, he could not be pleas'd at it, the trouble, ſatisfaction, or the indifferency of

that fair Creature, were equally cruel to him.

He was in the mind of running after her, and of not leaving her till he had wholly justified himself; but the pretence which she had taken of returning, giving him some reason to believe that she would not be so soon at her House, he went to wait on the King, and he left against his Will those two Lovers at liberty.

When they were return'd to Madmoiselle of *Roye's*, and got into her Chamber, she found her self in some disorder. That little success which she foresaw as to Madmoiselle of *Sansac's* Passion, did make her fear entring on that Subject; yet she perceiv'd that her silence was a greater trouble; so that she invited her to speak, that it might ease her mind, though it afforded her no comfort.

If

If one durſt ask you, ſaid ſhe, *by what means the Count of* Amboiſe *could produce in you for his Perſon, ſuch Sentiments as he is ſo unworthy of—— I know that I am in the wrong,* reply'd Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac,* interrupting her; *yet I can in a manner excuſe my ſelf, I unſeaſonably did ſee Monſieur of* Amboiſe *with you: I thought him amiable on the very account of that zeal with which he lov'd; I was charm'd with his tenderneſs. You lov'd him not; and though this knowledge gave me a private ſatisfaction, I did blame your injuſtice, and I went too far in going about to avoid it. When I ſpoke to the Queen, to prevent your Marriage with him, I thought to ingage my ſelf in it for your ſake, or for my Brother's; but I have ſince found that it was my own intereſt that puſh'd me on; Madam of* Roye *did render all my Projects uſeleſs, in her ſtedfaſtneſs to her*

first Sentiments for the Count; I was troubled for not having succeeded better. You return'd into the Country, the Count went frequently to visit you; I did scarce see him after that, which gave me to understand how dear he was to me; I would have oppos'd my self to my inclinations, but it was in vain, and at the very time that I endeavour'd to call back my Reason; I continually did think on him, and so made an end of losing it.

She remain'd silent during a while; then she continu'd, perceiving that Madmoiselle of *Roye* did not speak; *I did feel distinctly a Jealousie; I had some regret for having offer'd to take you from the Count, seeing that thereby he was not the more mine: but I fell in a Despair when he thought a second time of marrying you, and I found no quiet, till by an extraordinary excess of Love, he had resign'd you*

to

to his Rival. That Action did highly increaſe my Eſteem; in my opinion it did authoriſe that which I felt for him, and even that which I had acted againſt him; and tho' that Example of Generoſity did condemn me, I could not ſee the difference of his proceeding and mine; I thought that my Conduct was juſtified ſufficiently by that unconcernedneſs and your indifferency; but in effect, it was but a little hope which did juſtifie all. Alas! I was not long in that ſituation, If I had ſome moments that were leſs diſagreeable, they were but moments ſtill, you can tell whether I have had any occaſion to flatter my ſelf.

Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac* could no longer continue ſuch a Diſcourſe, and pouring forth a Torrent of Tears, ſhe oblig'd Madmoiſelle of *Roye* to ſpeak to her. *I am more miſerable than you,* ſaid ſhe, *I feel all your troubles as you do your ſelf,*

and

and I have beſides the trouble of having caus'd them; It is through my means that you have particularly known the Count of Amboiſe; *It is perhaps through his Love to me, that he enters not into thoſe Sentiments which are due to your Merits. In fine, it is my indifferency towards him, that has given place to your pity; all turns to poiſon to you, I dare not undertake any thing, and after I have caus'd all your Sorrows, I have the trouble of not being able to bring you out of them; You ought not to have any more friendſhip for me; You conſider me as a Rival; perhaps that you hate me. No,* reply'd Madmoiſelle of Sanſac, *it is* Amboiſe *that muſt be hated, and not you, but I cannot have ſo much as the ſatisfaction of hating either of you. What has he done to me? he has not betray'd me, ſeeing that he never lov'd me. Alas! muſt that be the Cauſe that muſt*

must take me off of complaining?

Here her redoubled Tears did force her a second time to silence, and Madmoiselle of *Roye* perceiving some alteration in her Face, fear'd that she should not be well, and oblig'd her to lay her self on the Bed; after which she went into her Closet to speak with one of her Servants, it was to tell her from Madam of *Roye*, that the Count of *Amboise* was to come, and that she should receive him, if he came before her return. He came in that very instant; and having seen no body in the Anti-Chamber nor in the Chamber, because that Madmoiselle of *Roye* had order'd her Women, when she came in with Madmoiselle of *Sansac*, to go into her Closet, which was at some distance, that they might not interrupt their Conversation: he was going out, but Madmoisele of *Sansac* having turned

ned her self to see who it was, she had made a little noise, he drew near to the Bed, whose Curtains were half drawn. He knew her not, she had part of her Coifs over her Face; he took her to be Madmoiselle of *Roye* who was resting on the Bed; so that having still his mind fill'd with the Adventure of the Garden, and fearing also to lose the opportunity of speaking to her. *Madmoiselle*, said he, *I cannot defer one moment justifying of my self, could you be so hard-hearted to belive that I could love Madmoiselle of* Sansac? *I had not yesterday leisure to answer you, on what you would have had me to think of her Sentiments; but was there any occasion for that? If that your indifferency could not make me change, all the passion that can be had for me, could do no more.*

Madmoiselle of *Roye*, who apprehended that some body was entring

entring, and who also was advertis'd another way, that it was Monsieur of *Amboise*, return'd in the Chamber, and said to him with a loud voice, That a Lady of her Friends was sleeping on that Bed, and that she would receive him in another Chamber, but she knew not that he had said too much already.

Madmoiselle of *Sansac* had been struck by it as with a Thunderbolt, and that last misfortune was so horrid, that nothing but death could take from her the shame and the sorrow of it. She remain'd on the Bed of Madmoiselle of *Roye* overwhelm'd with divers different thoughts, without coming to any resolution.

Monsieur of *Amboise* was with Madmoiselle of *Roye*; he was telling her the same things, which he thought that he had told her before, when he had spoken to Madmoi-

Mdamoiſelle of *Sanſac*; but she let him ſee that she took no delight in hearing them, and if any thing was capable of moving her, it could be nothing but thoſe Sentiments that he ſhould take up for her Friend. He was troubled at that indifferency, and he remain'd ſeiz'd with ſo great a Sorrow, that he deſiſted from ſpeaking to her. Madam of *Roye* return'd ſooner than she had thought to do, and Madmoiſelle of *Roye* went to Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac*, whoſe Deſpair increas'd by her Preſence. She made a loud and ſorrowful Out cry when she ſaw her: *Ah! you have betray'd me*, ſaid she, *I at leaſt thought that the Count was ignorant of my weakneſs; but there wanted ſomething more to perfect your Victory, you have found ſome ſatisfaction in that Sacrifice that he has offer'd up to you of me. I beg your pardon for diſtruſting you*

in

in this thought ; but why did you tell him that I lov'd him , seeing he lov'd you ? She had not the power to proceed, her Tears did run abundantly down, and she could do nothing but weep.

Madmoiſelle of *Roye* apprehended part of what had paſs'd, she had nothing to anſwer her, and it was then a fit time to juſtifie her intentions, when she was guilty through ſuch ſad Effects ; all that she could ſay or do, was to aſſure her that it would be eaſie to take off of the Count the thoughts of being belov'd ; but the Remedy was not yet according to Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac's* mind : *No,* ſaid she, *let him know it , and I ſhall never ſee him more.* Upon this she did riſe from the Bed, and went from Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, with the deſign of never returning there again ; and the next day she went to one of her Father's Country-houſes,

houſes, which was near the City of *Tours*. There ſhe did endeavour to forget all the World, ſhe abandon'd the deſign of purſuing the Marriage of her Brother with Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, though it might have been of uſe to have reveng'd her ſelf of *Amboiſe*; and all her Sentiments yielded to her ſhame: Thus ſhe left to that Friend nothing but the vexation of having loſt a Perſon, unto whom ſhe intruſted her Sentiments, and of preſerving ſtill an unhappy Lover.

Monſieur of *Amboiſe*'s Conſtancy was ſo cruel to Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, through its Conſequences, that ſhe began to fancy it a Crime in him; ſhe would no longer ſpeak to him, but with a kind of ſharpneſs, againſt which he was not prepar'd. He had not thought that ſhe would ill treat him, becauſe he could love none but her.

There

There enter'd in that new rigour a kind of injuſtice and contempt, which ſeem'd to him not to be born withal; he fanſied that he could live without loving a Perſon, whoſe ingratitude deſerv'd his hatred, or rather his forgetting of her, and he began to ſhun her more than he had ever done.

Sanſac was deſperate at his Siſter's abſence; he had no longer any body near his Father that ſpoke for him; ſo that after he had writ to Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac* all to no purpoſe, he went to ſeek her where she was. He did all he could to oblige her to return, but he obtain'd nothing from her, and he could not put her one moment out of that deadly grief in which she was plung'd.

Madam of *Tournon*, who ſaw him extreamly afflicted, and who thought of ſome means of reclaiming him from Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, feign'd

feign'd a new Earneſtneſs of Concerns for his Intereſt; ſhe told him, that one of her Friends that had a full power over the Count of *Sanſac*'s mind, would ſoon be at *Paris*, and that ſhe would employ all the Credit that ſhe had in that Friend, to bring about the Marquess's Deſigns.

Sanſac was ſenſible, that of truth that Perſon, of whom ſhe ſpoke, was a conſiderable Perſon with his Father: What a pleaſure is it to behold a means to attain unto that Happineſs which he had ſo long waited after! The ſtrength of his Sentiments gave him again ſome friendſhip for that Countess. He promis'd her an eternal acknowledgment, and he frequented her with aſſiduity.

She had introduc'd the Count of *Sancerre* at Madam of *Roye*'s: He was of a Character of mind to pleaſe all thoſe that he frequented with;

with; he went ſequently there, and his Love did daily increaſe, through the particular knowledge which he found of Madmoiſelle of *Roye*'s Wit; that Paſſion was even inflam'd by that which he knew ſhe had for the Marqueſs of *Sauſac*. It often happens that a Lover ſets a value on the Merit of a Miſtreſs, which makes, that when he cannot cauſe her to be hated, he cauſes her to be infinitely belov'd.

Though Monſieur of *Amboiſe* did avoid Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, it was not poſſible, but that he ſhould ſometimes meet her, and it was above a month ſince he had ſeen her, when that he found himſelf near her Perſon one day that the Queen Regent was receiving of *Spaniſh* Ambaſſadours. So ſoon as he perceiv'd Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, his firſt Deſign was to have changed place; but ſhe ſaluted him after

after a manner, which though indifferent, had a Charm by which he found himself detain'd; mean time he durst not speak to her, but when the Ceremony was ended, the men gave their hands to the Ladies to lead them to their Coaches. The Marquess of *Sansac* was oblig'd to take that of Madam of *Roye*, and Monsieur of *Amboise* said to Madmoiselle of *Roye*, that he durst not offer her his; she answer'd nothing, and offer'd her hand to him with Civility.

Never had Madmoiselle of *Roye* been so adorn'd, and so beautiful: Those Applauses which she had receiv'd, caus'd a modest Joy to appear on her Face, which would have excited Love in the most insensible Hearts. Though *Sansac's* Passion was arriv'd at that height, that it could not be increas'd, he had felt a new pleasure in beholding her that day. *D'Amboise* remembred

membred the first time that he had seen her; which forc'd from him a profound sigh, and he beheld her with Eyes bedew'd with Tears.

There being great Apartments to go through, and divers Persons having step'd in between Madam and Madmoiselle of *Roye*, he had full leisure to entertain her. *I am asham'd, Madmoiselle*, said he, *to let you know that your scorns and your hatred cannot hinder me from loving you: What further means will you attempt? they will all prove useless, there is nothing but death can rid you of me. You had promis'd me*, said Madmoiselle of *Roye*, *that you would use no more such discourses to me, what would you that I should answer you? Nothing, Madmoiselle*, said he with an offended countenance, *I have deserv'd but your indifferency. Well*, added he, quite transported, *return*

me

me that, since I am so unhappy, as to think that your anger is yet a greater evil to me. But, said Madmoiselle of Roye, *ought you to be surpris'd at my resentment? You are the cause that I have lost my Friend. What of Madmoiselle,* interrupted he, *can you accuse me? Did I ever go about to touch her Heart? Was it possible for me to love any one but you? No, Madmoiselle,* added he, as beyond himself, *you owe me no tenderness, I detest mine; but I love you, and I am worthy of your pity. Complain not then,* said Madmoiselle of Roye, *I have given you what I could give you, and setting aside Love, you have had all my other Sentiments, I promise you the continuance of them, and let us no longer reproach one another.*

The Count had no cause to be contented, but he had no right to complain. He put her into her Mother's Coach, where *Sansac* was wait-

waiting. The two Lovers ſaluted one another with a ſmile, which expreſs'd all the Sentiments of their Hearts. *Amboiſe*, who had feign'd not to look on Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, had however taken notice of it, and he was pier'd at it with a mortal Sorrow; then did his evil become extream, when he reſolv'd to cure himſelf. He found that he ſhould always be expos'd to ſeek Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, to meet her, and to ſuffer all that a deſperate Love and Jealouſie have that is moſt dreadful; ſo that ſeeing it was neceſſary he ſhould quit *Paris*; he went to an Eſtate which he had near *Reims*, and promis'd himſelf never to return, till he had extinguiſh'd all the remainders of his unfortunate Paſſion. Thus was Madmoiſelle of *Roye* deliver'd for a time from a Lover who began to be troubleſom to her, becauſe ſhe had ſome conſiderations

for him, and that ſhe durſt not ill treat him.

But the Count of *Sancerre* and Madam of *Tournon*, from whom ſhe had never fear'd any thing, were the Perſons who were to cauſe all the evils and misfortunes of her life. *Sancerre* deſign'd to get into her Favour, before he declar'd himſelf her Lover; ſo that he had began to enter into ſome Engagement with her, in ſpeaking frequently of *Sanſac*, and in favour of that Name he rendred himſelf amiable; ſhe entertain'd him with a ſatisfaction which was even ſuſpicious to *Sanſac*, he fear'd to find a Rival in a man who appear'd formidable, and who was aſſiduous at Madmoiſelle of *Roye's*; he own'd his Suſpicions to her, but ſhe aſſur'd him ſo firmly, that he was but a Friend, and ſhe was ſo well perſwaded of it her ſelf, that ſhe even made no reflexions on *Sanſac's*

diſquiets.

disquiets. Of truth, he had so much reason to assure himself of Madmoiselle of *Roye*'s inclinations, that he was willing at first to submit his Jealousie to her.

Madam of *Tournon*, who by the Promises which she had made him of employing her self in the behalf of his Marriage, had thereby engag'd him to be obliging to her, caus'd to be spread abroad by the Count of *Sancerre*, that the Marquess was fallen in Love with her. Though Madmoiselle of *Roye* was advertis'd of the Reasons he had to manage her; That Countess was still brisk enough to produce some uneasie thoughts in a Rival.

Madmoiselle of *Roye* inform'd *Sansac* of what was said of him, he remain'd in a Surprise, which appear'd very natural; he answered her after so tender a manner, and he did love her so sincerely,

that he could not fail of being ſoon juſtified. He offer'd to break off with Madam of *Tournon*, but they both thought they had the ſame intereſt to preſerve her their Friend. She at laſt deſired him not to alter his Conduct, and aſſur'd him, that ſhe ſhould never be concern'd at it.

Her Jealouſie appear'd ſo tender to her Lover, that in that very inſtant he loſt that which he had had of *Sancerre*; he was even ſo aſham'd, for having miſtruſted of infidelity ſo nice a Heart, that he fear'd putting her in mind of thoſe fears which he had expreſs'd; but that quiet laſted not long, Madam of *Tournon* deſigning that they ſhould both at one and the ſame time entertain Suſpicions one of another, gain'd to her Party that Woman of Madmoiſelle of *Roye's*, in whom ſhe put the greateſt confidence; ſhe gave her a Letter which

which was directed to Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, but ſhe intreated her not to ſhew it to her, and ſo to contrive the buſineſs, that *Sanſac* might read it, without any ſign that there had been any deſign he ſhould ſee it.

Chance did favour her intention ſome few days after, and the buſineſs was punctually done. *Sanſac* came one Enening to Madam of *Roye's*, ſhe was not there, ſome of her Friends waited ſome time for her return, but that day ſhe was to ſup with her Daughter at Madam of *Tournon's*; mean time this Woman feign'd as if ſhe knew nothing of it, ſhe told *Sanſac* that they would ſoon return, and ſhe would have him to go into Madam of *Roye's* Apartment, of which ſhe had deſignedly miſlay'd the Key, to have occaſion of leading him in that of Madmoiſelle of *Roye's*. She had newly carried that

Letter there, with which she had charg'd her self; it lay on the Table unsealed, and seem'd as if it had been forgotten. She left the Marquess alone, who read the Letter which was of the Count of *Sancerre*'s hand, whose Writing *Sansac* knew. *Sancerre* by that Letter did confess to Madmoiselle of *Roye*, that he had a long time thought to be no more but a Friend to her; that therefore he had disguis'd his real Sentiments under that notion, but now he could no longer forbear letting her know them. *Sansac* read it with the same vexation, as if in learning the Count's Love, he had also learn'd that he was belov'd.

That Woman return'd into the Chamber, when she thought he might have read the Letter, and she told him that Madmoiselle of *Roye* had newly sent back her people,

people, and that she ſhould paſs that Evening at Madam of *Tournon's*. He immediately went thither, not doubting but that *Sancerre* would be there; yet having at a diſtance obſerv'd his Liveries at the door, he was ſtruck at that ſight, as if he did not expect it. He went into Madam of *Tournon's*, to ſee in what manner Madmoiſelle of *Roye* would govern her ſelf with her new Lover; but she having not ſeen the Letter, which could inform her of this Count's Sentiments, she therefore alter'd not her former Conduct towards him.

Sanſac was almoſt mad to ſee her in her uſual Gayety; his Jealouſie did perſwade him that it was rather increas'd: Never had he found thoſe things which *Sancerre* ſaid, ſo unfit to pleaſe, and he never did ſo much fear leſt they ſhould pleaſe; at laſt he went out

in the moſt furious trouble that he ever had been in his life. The next day he could not ſee Madmoiſelle of *Roye* alone, and the day following they ſet forth for *Reims* at the Coronation of *Charles* the Ninth.

A conſiderable time had already paſs'd ſince the death of *Francis* the Second; Pleaſures began to ſpring up again at Court, and of truth they had ſcarce diſcontinu'd, becauſe it was the Queen Regent's pleaſure, who would be abſolute, to keep all things in Idleneſs and Wantonneſs; she grac'd every day with ſome Feſtival; and being always follow'd by the moſt beautiful Women, who made their Lovers to act according to their Will, she reign'd with a full Authority by the means of Gallantry.

Madam of *Roye*, whom a ſlight indiſpoſition did oblige to ſtay at *Paris*, would have retain'd her Daugh-

Daughter with her, but the Queen desired not to deprive her of a Person who adorn'd her Court; so that she intrusted Madam of *Tournon* with her, who she still believ'd to be the most sincere of all her Friends. Her Daughter had not told her the distrust which she had of that Countess, for fear she had found them too little reasonable.

During the Journey Madam of *Tournon* did observe Madmoiselle of *Roye*, and on the pretence of Friendship, did not leave her one moment: That Letter which *Sansac* had read, having not been writ to any other end, but that he should see it, Madmoiselle of *Roye* had not heard one word of it. *Sancerre* was still cautious of giving her any Suspicion that he lov'd her. His Rival was first to be destroy'd, and he was contented in labouring joyntly with Ma-

dam of *Tournon* to ſow a diſcord betwixt thoſe two Lovers, and in preventing them from coming to a right Underſtanding.

Madam of *Tournon* had told *Sanſac*, that though she was willing to ſerve him in his Marriage near his Father, she would not enter with Madmoiſelle of *Roye* in the confidence of his Love, and that it was not convenient for her to act in any thing of that nature with a young Perſon. He could not blame her for it, and he the leſs ſuſpected that she were capable of, taking another Intereſt in him, than that of Friendſhip. This Marqueſs continu'd to entertain a Jealouſie in his Boſom. He ſaw that Madmoiſelle of *Roye* did not break off with *Sancerre*, and he already judg'd her too guilty, to merit his reproaches, but he expreſs'd an extraordinary coldneſs towards her; she attributed it to his new paſſion

for

for the Counteſs, and she preſerved a ſecret ſpight at it, which appear'd not at firſt but by her coldneſs, but it was impoſſible for them to remain long in that condition. They were mutually ſuſpicious of one another, which muſt have turn'd into Certainties, or they muſt have clear'd themſelves of their doubts: There happen'd an Adventure which made an end of confounding them.

The Queen gave a Ball at *Reims* the night of *Charles* the Ninth's Coronation. It being the time of Maſquerading, she gave the deſign of a Maſquerade; she order'd that a Troop of Gipſie men, and another of Gipſie women, ſhould come ſeparately to tell the young King's good Fortune; that afterwards each man ſhould take his Gipſie woman, and that they ſhould dance together, as rejoycing for having hit ſo right in ſpeaking pleaſing things to the King. The

The Counteſs of *Tournon*, and Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, were of the Maſquerade; their height was pretty equal, their Hairs were of a brown very approaching, and their ſmall difference could not be diſcern'd by the light of Flambeaus, thoſe Gipſies Dreſſes were order'd after a manner as made no diſtinction betwixt any perſons that had never ſo little likeneſs; long flying Gowns did cover all their Necks, and deſcended to the ground, without any diſtinction in height; their Hairs, which were looſe on their ſhoulders, were tied up with a world of Ribands, and the Ladies made their Lovers partakers of thoſe which they were to wear that Feſtival-day, becauſe the Queen, who would entertain every thing in Gallantry, had deſired it ſhould be ſo, that thoſe who had Miſtreſſes might dance with them. Madmoiſelle of *Roye* found

found her ſelf uneaſie in that Juncture, that coldneſs which was betwixt *Sanſac* and her, gave her ſome repugnancy againſt doing him that favour; mean time it was impoſſible for her to afford it to another, that favour appear'd to her little conſiderable in it ſelf, and it produc'd an occaſion for her to accuſe him, which ſhe would not neglect; She ſent him ſome of her Ribands, and writ to him with ſo much ſpight, ſorrow, and tenderneſs, that this Letter had aſſuredly produc'd a clearing betwixt them, had not Madam of *Tournon*'s Artifice prevail'd.

The Note that ſhe had writ, having paſs'd through the hands of that Woman that Madam of *Tournon* had gain'd; ſhe had a ſight of it, and found out ſome way of playing a new Trick to thoſe two Lovers; ſhe kept Madmoiſelle of *Roye*'s Ribands, and ſent others

others in the name of that young Person, they were of those that she her self was to wear. Her intention was to deceive *Sansac*, and to pass for Madmoiselle of *Roye*, under the favour of the disguise, to put that Mistress in the highest indignation against *Sansac*, to prevent them as much as she could, from clearing themselves, and that the mistake of the Ribands might be thrown on the Woman that serv'd them, should they go about to examine the matter. Mean time, she her self found the design but course, and expected no great success from it; but she had began to sow a misunderstanding amongst them, all was to be hazarded that could increase it; and their hearts being already prepossest with Jealousie, the least appearance might add something to their general Revolt.

Sansac

Sanſac receiv'd Madam of *Tour-*
non's Ribands, which were ſent
him as from Madmoiſelle of *Roye*,
and he writ to this laſt with ſo
much Love and Jealouſie, that
Madam of *Tournon*, unto whom
that Letter was ſhew'd, did at the
ſame time fear and hope of Suc-
ceſs; ſhe entreated that Woman,
whom ſhe had gain'd, to have
Sanſac inform'd, that Madmoiſelle
of *Roye* would ſpeak to him the
Maſquerading night, and ſhe had
reſolv'd to tell him under the ſhel-
ter of her Mask, ſuch things as
would convince him that his Ri-
val was belov'd; the Letters which
they writ to one another were in-
tercepted, and Madmoiſelle of *Roye*
was only told, that *Sanſac* was
moſt oblig'd to her for her Ri-
bands; that ſlight which ſhe had
ſo little deſerv'd from him, put
her into an unconceivable Anger.
She was at firſt ſurpris'd with that
ſtrange

ſtrange way of proceeding, tho' her mind had long ſince been diſturb'd by the extraordinary indifferency which he had ſhew'd her, for all things appear ſeemingly true to Jealouſie. How often did she accuſe her ſelf of lowneſs of Spirit, for having made an Advance ſo ill receiv'd; that which had at firſt appear'd ſo indifferent, did then ſeem moſt terrible to her; and her grief had prevented her from appearing at the Maſquerade, if she had not had a deſire to ſee after what manner he would govern himſelf there.

The Maskers did dance, each Gipſie woman with that man who bore her Colours. Madmoiſelle of *Roye* ſaw a perſon who wore hers, and at firſt she did not know him to be the Brother of Madam of *Tournon*, who was to dance with that Counteſs, but she eaſily obſerv'd that it was not *Sanſac* that danc'd with her. That

That Marqueſs was not made after a manner that could be confounded with the reſt, he was taller than all thoſe that were of the Maſquerade; ſo that she perceiv'd him dreſs'd with Madam of *Tournon*'s Colours, which she could not but know, becauſe they had dreſs'd together, *Sanſac*, who took her for Madam of *Roye*, deceiv'd by the Ribands, which had been ſent him as from her, continu'd to dance with her, and she ſo well affected the Air and Dancing of her whom she would imitate, that the Marqueſs, who had no Suſpicion of the Cheat, was wholly miſtaken.

Madmoiſelle of *Roye* felt the greateſt vexation that she ever had in her life; she did believe that the Counteſs had alſo ſent ſome of her Ribands to *Sanſac*, to have the pleaſure of ſeeing her ſelf highly prefer'd before the other;

in

in the diſpoſition ſhe was, ſhe needed not ſo much to convince her, that *Sanſac* and Madam of *Tournon* were in a perfect Intelligence, and the trouble of her mind did make her dance with ſo much diſorder, that no body could imagine that it was ſhe.

After ſhe had made a review of all the Perſons of the Maſquerade, ſhe found that it was with the Brother of Madam of *Tournon* that ſhe had danc'd, ſhe did not examine whether *Sanſac* had deſign'd to deceive her in putting ſome body in his place, or whether he had only thought of ſhifting himſelf out of buſineſs; but either way ſhe thought her ſelf treated in ſo ill a manner, that the Love which ſhe owed to her ſelf, was almoſt as much offended, as was her tenderneſs to *Sanſac*.

So ſoon as the Maſquerading was ended, ſhe privately got towards

wards the door, and went out, without being perceiv'd but by *Sancerre* only, who had always had his Eyes upon her, and who knew her by the Ribands which Madam of *Tournon* had intercepted and had ſhew'd him. He follow'd her out to give her his hand, and she was oblig'd to him for that Civility; she told him, that she ſhould not return again, ſo that he conducted her home. He had too much intereſt not to learn what paſs'd in her Heart as to *Sanſac*, wherefore he fell on that Diſcourſe, believing that in the diſorder she was, it was the fitteſt time for him to give his Rival the laſt blow; he feign'd with a kind of a myſterious Countenance, that he was not wholly ſurpris'd at what had happen'd; that was enough to engage Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, even againſt her inclination, to make him divers

Queſti-

Queſtions, unto which he anſwer'd after a manner which did infinitely increaſe her Jealouſie and Sorrow; though she had entertain'd a thouſand Suſpicions, she ſtill accus'd her ſelf of having ſhut her own Eyes, and for having remain'd in too great a tranquillity at the very inſtant that she was betray'd. She could not be weary in continually making him new Queſtions, and he remain'd longer with her, than she would have permitted him to do, had she been leſs diſturb'd.

After that *Sanſac* had done dancing with Madam of *Tournon*, whom he had all the while taken for Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, he led her to a Corner of the Hall to ſpeak to her; ſhe did not pull off her Mask, which was faſtned to her Head-dreſs, ſo that he could not undeceive himſelf. He told her, that he was in a world of

Sorrow

Sorrow at the hearing that *Sancerre* had writ to her, and dar'd to acquaint her with his Paſſion, that he found she had not ill treated him for it, that on the contrary, she beheld him with delight; and finally, that he could no longer live, if she continu'd to have the ſame regard for him. Madam of *Tournon* counterfeiting the accent of her Voice, told him that it was difficult for her to break with a Friend of her Mother. *Ah! Madmoiſelle*, ſaid he, *what is it that you tell me? Why do you alarm your ſelf?* ſaid she with a Tone more diſguis'd than before. *Though it ſhould be true, that* Sancerre *ſhould have other Sentiments for me, than thoſe of Eſteem and Friendſhip, you ought not to believe that I ſhould have any others for him. How? Madmoiſelle*, reply'd he, *is it poſſible that you ſhould have ſome Eſteem*

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and Friendſhip for a man who declares himſelf your Lover? I am loſt, if you do not unſay thoſe words again. I ſhall not unſay them, ſaid Madam of *Tournon, there would be injuſtice in what you demand. That is too much,* interrupted Sanſac, *either deceive me quite, or make an end of undeceiving me, I cannot remain in that uncertainty I am; ſay that you love* Sancerre, *that you cannot break off with him, and I ſhall no longer trouble you with my Jealouſie and my reproaches.* Madam of *Tournon* made him no Anſwer. *I underſtand you, Madam,* ſaid *Sanſac* tranſported with Fury, *you ſhall no longer be troubled with my Complaints, but in vain muſt you expect any moderation in my Conduct, and ſo long as I have life, I will prevent my Rival from being more happy than my ſelf.* Upon that he roughly quitted her, and she made no offers of retaining him. Madmoi-

Madmoiſelle of *Tournon* was in an exceſſive Joy, she could never have hoped for ſuch a Succeſs, and all her Arts were ſo fortunate, that they gave her no remories. Tho' the Maſquerade was ended, the Ball did continue; Madam of *Tournon*, after she had chang'd her Apparel, return'd into the Hall, where they danc'd; *Sanſac* was gone in to ſeek after *Sancerre*, and to oblige him to fight, but he found him not there, and he learnt that Madam of *Tournon* had ſaid, that Madmoiſelle of *Roye* was retired with a moſt violent Headach. Of truth, Madmoiſelle of *Roye* had given it out ſo, that none ſhould be ſurpris'd at her not appearing at the Ball. This Marqueſs, not finding *Sancerre*, did believe he might have follow'd her, and it was impoſſible for him not to ſeek to be ſatisfied in it. He went to Madmoiſelle of *Roye's*, under

under the pretence of inquiring after her Health, and having learnt by *Sancerre's* folks that he was there, he demanded to ſee her, with a deſign to make her, maugre his Promiſe, all the reproaches which he thought she deſerv'd; but that Anger Madmoiſelle of *Roye* was in, hindred her from receiving him, she ſent him Word that she could not ſpeak with him, becauſe of her Head-ach, at the ſame time she diſmiſs'd *Sancerre*; but he apprehending that *Sanſac* had ſeen his Servants, and fancying that peradventure his Rival would have the Curioſity to learn whether he ſhould be long with Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, he remain'd in the Antichamber on purpoſe with that Woman, which Madmoiſelle of *Tournon* had gain'd, Madmoiſelle of *Roye* not knowing but that he was gone, nor ſo much as once thinking that he would remain there.

Sanſac

Sanſac ſtay'd for him in his paſſage, agitated with all that Fury could ſuggeſt to him of moſt horrid; he perceiv'd the Count of *Amboiſe* coming, and in the trouble that he was, he could not forbear ſpeaking to him. *D'Amboiſe* having been oblig'd to repair to *Reims* about the King's Coronation, he had heard that Madmoiſelle of *Roye* was ill, and he had found himſelf ſtill ſenſible enough in what concern'd her, to come with earneſtneſs to inform himſelf of her health. *You ſee a man that is deſperate*, ſaid *Sanſac* ſo ſoon as he did ſee him, *you have plung'd me into that Abyſs where I am, and you have drawn your ſelf out of it; You have yielded to me a Perſon, which cauſes all the misfortune of my life; ſhe loves* Sancerre, *he is at this preſent with her, and ſhe refuſes ſeeing me. I have nothing to anſwer you*, ſaid Monſieur of *Amboiſe*,

boiſe, I forgot Madmoiſelle of Roye *when I yielded her to you.* Upon this *D'Amboiſe* perceiv'd the Count of *Sancerre* coming out the Houſe, which made him too haſtily leave *Sanſac*, for fear his Looks ſhould betray what he had newly ſaid.

Into what an odd kind of Jealouſie did that Count enter? He fancy'd that Madmoiſelle of *Roye* had a ſecond time prov'd inconſtant to him, ſhe had been forc'd by her inclination to love *Sanſac*; *D'Amboiſe* did begin to believe that ſhe would always love that Perſon, whom ſhe had from the beginning preferr'd to him, and that had in ſome manner allay'd the firſt heat of his Sentiments; but that Change did awaken them, and kindled in him new deſires, ſpight, and tranſportment. He believ'd that ſhe might be inconſtant, and he eſteem'd her the leſs, but he acquired new fires by it, he

he found himself full of earnest desires to revenge himself of that Person who went about to deprive him of a good, which he thought to be already lost, but he also fancy'd that there was a kind of satisfaction in revenging ones self, which did not agree with a man who had never been belov'd; he was asham'd that he was concern'd at the Quarrels which were betwixt *Sanſac* and *Sancerre* for Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, which made him to return into the Country that very moment.

Sanſac having inform'd *Sancerre* that his deſign was to fight with him, they went at ſome diſtance from that place, for fear of being prevented: they fought with an equal fierceneſs, and they had ended their quarrel with their lives, if that their Servants, whom they had forbid to follow them, had not diſtruſted their intentions,

and given notice of it to ſome of their Friends, who came and parted them.

Madmoiſelle of *Roye* was ſome days without going out of her Chamber, under the pretence of an Head-ach, ſo that ſhe would not ſee *Sanſac*. This Marqueſs's Combat with *Sancerre* made much noiſe at Court, but the Subject of it was not known; *Sancerre* had great reaſon to conceal it, ſo long as he was not firmly eſtabliſh'd in Madmoiſelle of *Roye*'s Favour. Madam of *Tournon* inſinuated her ſelf with *Sanſac* on that account, and engag'd him to Secrecy, ſaying, that he ought to have ſome regards for a Perſon whom he had lov'd ſo long, but in truth it was to prevent Madmoiſelle of *Roye* from diving too deep into the buſineſs, had ſhe known what ſhare ſhe had in it. *Sanſac* did follow that Counteſſe's Advices, though his Anger againſt

againſt Madmoiſelle of *Roye* was not diminiſhed. He in vain did endeavour to ſuppreſs his Paſſion; he hated Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, yet he inceſſantly thought on her. It is by forgetting that Love is cur'd.

Madmoiſelle of *Roye* having inquired of *Sancerre* the cauſe of his Combat with *Sanſac*, he told her that the Marqueſs had quarrell'd with him on a very ſlight pretence, but that the true cauſe of his Quarrel was his meeting him too often to his mind at Madam of *Tournon's*, for whoſe Perſon he could not be perſwaded that one could entertain ſo little as a ſingle Friendſhip. Madmoiſelle of *Roye* ſwallow'd down that Poiſon without reſiſtance, nothing now could defend *Sanſac* in her heart againſt thoſe ſurpriſing News, and ſhe was eaſily brought to believe any thing of him on Madam of *Tournon's* ac-

count, which gave a great deal of hopes to his Rival.

Madam of *Tournon*, ſtill continu'd to expreſs the ſame Friendſhip to Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, as formerly, but it was receiv'd with a great deal of coldneſs. Thoſe two Rivals would no longer mention the Marqueſs of *Sanſac* in their Diſcourſes, and it was but the affecting of not pronouncing his Name, which was a trouble to them.

The Count of *Sanſac*, Father to the Marqueſs, was Governour of *Touraine*; he was ſick at *Tours*, and in that Age which no longer will afford any hopes of Cure. The Reverſion of his Government was at that time conferr'd upon his Son, through Madam of *Tournon*'s means; he, knowing not that ſhe was the cauſe of all the troubles in his Amours, was willing to acknowledge that obligation to her,

her, but he was oblig'd to be abſent, he told her the neceſſity that he had of flying from Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, and the Counteſs did not oppoſe his deſign of going to *Tours*. Abſence was the means to prevent him from clearing any Points with Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, and of curing himſelf of his Paſſion towards her.

This Marqueſs went ſuddenly from *Reims*, and ſome few days after the Court return'd to *Paris*. Madam of *Tournon* took great care to have Madmoiſelle of *Roye* inform'd of the great ſhare which ſhe had had in *Sanſac*'s late Preferment, of truth he wanted a Perſon that had a great intereſt in the Queen, to engage her to ſhew any Favour to that Family.

Madmoiſelle of *Roye* was returned into her Mother's hands, unto whom ſhe learnt that Madmoiſelle of *Tournon* was her Rival, and that

ſhe had betray'd her. Madam of *Roye* was ſomething troubled at *Sanſac*'s Change; the Engagement in which divers Perſons knew that he was with Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, had put by a great number of Pretenders, and his infidelity could not but do her ſome prejudice. Madmoiſelle of *Roye* did ſenſibly feel the Affront, and could not conſolate her ſelf for not having lov'd *Amboiſe*, who had ſo real a Paſſion for her, and whoſe great Qualities and Conſtancy ought to have diverted her from that inclination which ſhe had for *Sanſac*.

The Count of *Sancerre*, who ſtill was with her under the notion of a Friend, did think it a favourable ſeaſon to declare his Paſſion, though not fit to make any advantage of his long concealment of it; but he reſiſted the deſire of making it a merit. He fear'd bring-

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ing on himſelf that Anger which ſhe had againſt *Sanſac*, if he ſhould let her know that he had all along been his Rival, and of making her to ſuſpect thoſe things which he had ſaid of him; ſo that he feign'd the beginning of a Paſſion, which the opportunity of daily ſeeing a beautiful Perſon that had no Engagement, had produc'd.

Madmoiſelle of *Roye* had found her ſelf too much diſoblig'd by Love to admit it a ſecond time; and if her Heart could ever be mov'd with it again, it could not be but an acknowledgment on Monſieur of *Amboiſe*'s account; ſhe anſwer'd *Sancerre* with that indifferency, which a Lover thinks more unſufferable than Anger it ſelf. And from that very moment he did dread all the ill that he might expect from it; however being not quite daſh'd out of countenance, he ſpoke to her more than once.

Her Love was tired with conſtraining it ſelf; he importun'd, if he could not pleaſe; ſo that Madmoiſelle of *Roye* was oblig'd to let him know, that if he continu'd his Diſcourſes, ſhe ſhould never ſee him more. She told it him with ſuch a calmneſs of mind, that he doubted not but that ſhe would make good her Threatning, and he was ſo vexed at it, that he would ſee her no more.

In vain did the Count of *Amboiſe* ſeek in the Country for a quiet, which he had fail'd of the firſt time, a new reaſon of curing himſelf did but increaſe his pain: The Count of *Sancerre*, Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, and *Sanſac*, did inceſſantly preſent themſelves to his imagination, and tormented him. He return'd to *Paris*, drawn thither by his unquietneſs, and without knowing to what purpoſe; he did not preſently go to Madam of

Roye's,

Roye's, and he was absolutely resolv'd to avoid seeing of her Daughter; mean time having inquired what she did, he learnt that *Sancerre* had desisted seeing of her, and he was told at the same time, that it was because that Count was fallen in Love with her; that his Passion had been a trouble to her; and that in fine, she had in a manner banish'd him. As things indifferent are seldom conceal'd, Madmoiselle of *Roye* had confess'd the truth of that business to some of her Friends, who had inquired after the Reasons that *Sancerre* did see her no more; and *D'Amboise*, who sought after the knowledge of those things, could not fail of being inform'd; by that means he lost all Suspicion as to the Count of *Sancerre*, by whom he had been more alarm'd, than really made jealous; he believ'd that Madmoiselle of *Roye* had only design'd

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to fret *Sanſac*, but not to betray him, when ſhe refus'd to ſee him after the Maſquerading at *Reims*, and when ſhe had receiv'd *Sancerre*, that it might only be the conſequences of a Love-quarrel, which he might not have heard of, and it was but too eaſie to him to turn all his Anger upon *Sanſac*; but he ſoon learnt alſo, that that Marqueſs was fallen in Love with Madam of *Tournon*, and that News did produce in him divers agitations, in which he went no further at firſt than to know what Madmoiſelle of *Roye*'s thoughts were on that Subject; after which he return'd to her Houſe with much earneſtneſs.

Madam of *Roye* receiv'd him with her uſual Civilities, and Madmoiſelle of *Roye* appear'd melancholick, but civil and full of regards; there being ſome Perſons in the Chamber, he could not enter

enter into any particular Converſation with her that day, but however ſhe obſerv'd that he lov'd her ſtill; ſhe made ſome reflexions on his proceedings, and on thoſe of *Sanſac*; ſhe oppos'd the Conſtancy of the one to the Inconſtancy of the other; and though ſuch advantageous thoughts in the behalf of *D'Amboiſe*, did not yet carry along with them Madmoiſelle of *Roye*'s Heart, it was much however that ſhe allow'd him ſo entire a preference in her mind.

The firſt time that he ſaw her alone, he would have ſpoken of *Sanſac*; but ſhe preſently avoided the Diſcourſe by a ſecret confuſion, which ſhe was in at her being abandon'd by a man whom ſhe had preferr'd before him; mean time he let her underſtand, that he was not ignorant of what was ſaid of *Sanſac*'s Change, and it was after a manner, that in ſome degree

degree did qualifie Madmoiſelle of *Roye*'s diſorder: She ſufficiently eſteem'd this Count to oblige her to be ſincere with him. *Take the pleaſure of revenging your ſelf of me*, ſaid ſhe, *I ought to let you enjoy that Triumph; Well, it is true, I know that* Sanſac *does leave me for Madam of* Tournon. *Is it poſſible, Madmoiſelle*, ſaid he, *can that be? Though it has been told me, though you confirm it, I too much know the impoſſibility of ceaſing from loving you, to be brought to believe it. There is nothing more true*, ſaid ſhe; *but what is therein that is incredible? There are nothing but Examples of Inconſtancy ſeen. Madmoiſelle*, ſaid he to her, *do you ſee none other? Do you not know a Lover deſpis'd, hated, and ſtill conſtant? I know him not deſpis'd, nor hated*, ſaid ſhe again, with an Air that he had not yet ſeen, *I begin to make a difference*

rence betwixt him and all other men; I was deſign'd it may be to do him juſtice one day, and that day may be come. Alas! Madmoiſelle, deceive not your ſelf in it, this day is ſtill one of thoſe which you give to Sanſac; *and he would be the more happy for it, if he could be ſenſible of his Happineſs; though you would make me uſeful in your revenge, it would be without any favourable thoughts for me;* Sanſac *is very dear to you, ſeeing that his Crime does engage you to ſay ſome flattering things to his Rival.* Thus did the Count of *Amboiſe* give Madmoiſelle of *Roye* to underſtand, that ſhe had leſs deſign to make him ſenſible of her acknowledgment, than of cauſing ſome further diſpleaſure of *Sanſac*: Yet Hope was creeping again into the Count's Heart; it was a great Point got, not to have any longer to fear any tenderneſs towards

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a Rival, and to have none to combate but that of Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, which ſhe her ſelf did oppoſe.

Madam of *Tournon* did ſtill continue a Commerce of Letters with that Marqueſs, ſhe had got inſenſibly ſo far, as to make him apprehend, that ſhe would willingly have afforded him ſome comfort for Madmoiſelle of *Roye*'s infidelity, he had ſeiz'd on that opportunity to endeavour to forget her, the deſire which he had ſo to do, did ſometimes make him hope that he ſhould ſucceed in it, and give a certain lively Air to his Letters, at which Madam of *Tournon* was very well pleas'd. Mean time he did much leſs mind to perſwade her that he lov'd her, than to convince Madmoiſelle of *Roye* of it, which he durſt not yet ſee.

The

The Count of *Sanſac*, his Father's ſickneſs, was a reaſon that might detain him at *Tours*; he did write to his Friends, that he was in Love with that Counteſs, and they no longer did mention Madmoiſelle of *Roye* to him, becauſe he had deſired them to forbear, without giving any reaſon for it. During the time that *Sancerre* was ſtill number'd amongſt Madmoiſelle of *Roye's* Friends; Madam of *Tournon* had writ to him, that they were in a perfect Intelligence, and ſince that time no body had inform'd him to the contrary. This Counteſs, which frequently receiv'd Letters from *Sanſac*, becauſe ſhe writ to him every day, did cauſe the moſt paſſionate of them to be ſhewn to Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, as if they had been ſurpris'd.

Madmoiſelle of *Roye* did enter into an unconceivable Anger at them,

them, and *Sanſac's* inconſtancy did work more advantageouſly for Monſieur of *Amboiſe*, than all that Lover's Services could do. The Count of *Sanſac* dyed about that time, and his Death did ſet his Son at liberty of finiſhing his Marriage with Madmoiſelle of *Roye*; but he took no advantage of it, Madam of *Tournon*, who no longer could perceive any other obſtacle to it, than thoſe which ſhe produc'd, redoubled her Artifices; ſhe caus'd to be ſpred abroad, that ſhe ſhould marry that Marqueſs ſo ſoon as he ſhould return to *Paris*, where he was ſuddenly to be, to receive the King's Orders. Madam of *Tournon's* Deſign was to engage before that time Madmoiſelle of *Roye* to fix on ſome other Perſon. Madam of *Roye* could not bear the Affront which was offer'd her Daughter, ſhe told her that it concern'd their Honour to prevent

prevent *Sanſac's* Deſigns ; Madmoiſelle of *Roye* was the moſt irritated, and ſought after nothing but Revenge. The Mareſhal of *Coſſe*, at that juncture of time, did cauſe ſome Propoſitions of Marriage to be made to her ; but the diſproportion of their Age did oblige Madam of *Roye* to be in a Suſpence , notwithſtanding the great Advantages which ſhe might expect from that Eſtabliſhment. The Count of *Amboiſe* did ſtill entertain the ſame Paſſion for Madmoiſelle of *Roye* which he ever had , tho' he had more than once given over that purſuit. But thoſe Reaſons which had oblig'd him ſo to do, were no longer exiſtent, nothing was more proper for that beautiful Creature, than a Perſon who had always lov'd her moſt tenderly, and whom ſhe eſteem'd above all other men. Madam of *Roye* did ask that Count's

Count's Advice, as of a Friend, on the Mareſhal of *Coſſe*, at which he was ſeiz'd with ſuch a Trembling, as hindred him from anſwering. *I perceive with a Surpriſe*, ſaid ſhe to him, *that whatſoever concerns my Daughter, is not yet become indifferent to you, mean time all that you have done already, did give me occaſion to believe that you might ſee her without trouble to marry another; You know that I had deſign'd her for you, and that I had preferr'd you to all other men, if you would have taken advantage from thence. I have nothing to anſwer you, Madam*, ſaid he, *you cannot be ignorant of the diſpoſitions in which I ſhall perſiſt all my life-time for Madmoiſelle of* Roye; *I know not whether there are leſs obſtacles againſt me in her Heart, but I flatter my ſelf with it, and there needed not ſo much to render my Paſſion extraordinary: If you had any thoughts*

houghts that way, permit me to nſult Madmoiſelle of Roye *on that bjeſt for the laſt time. Well, pray ſo ſo,* ſaid the Counteſs, *I have the ame Conſideration for you that I ver had.*

That Conjuncture was ſomething nice for the Count of *Amboiſe* to act in, he had twice already engag'd himſelf with Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, a third time ought to make him tremble; but the Mareſhal of *Coſſe*'s concurrence did put him on marrying Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, to take her from him; he went and caſt himſelf at that fair Creature's feet. *Madmoiſelle,* ſaid he, *you behold the moſt amorous of all men, you know that all your rigours have not hindred me from being ſo, and what have not your Civilities done? Notwithſtanding that I ought to think you would never love me, and yet they have given me ſome hopes, or at leaſt*

leaſt they have ſtood me in place
ſome good Omen, ſo long as you hav
been your own; but you can no lo
ger avoid being ſome bodies, and
fear that you tremble at it. It
no Engagement that ſhall make m
fear, ſaid Madmoiſelle of Roye,
can be only thoſe Perſons with whou
I ſhould be oblig'd to engage m
ſelf. How! Madam, ſaid he, *ar*
you in a Condition of making an
differences? I fear leſt ſome vexa
tious remembrance ſhould render th
Choice of an Husband diſagreeabl
to you, or at leaſt indifferent; a
will be equal to you. But adde
he, *Why ſhould I preſs you to de*
clare your ſelf? Your Bounties giv
me not boldneſs enough to make m
believe, that if you were capable o
diſtinctions, they might be in fa
vour of me; You have too much ac
cuſtomed me to be unhappy, to le
me gather any hopes.

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You offend me, said she, *by those remembrances which you would bring into my mind, yet I am willing to answer you precisely on the rest; You have merited enough to invite me to speak my thoughts plainly to you; and seeing that I cannot dispence my self from entring into some tie, I should be sorry if it were not with you.* What a word was that for Monsieur of *Amboise*? Could he make any Reflexions contrary to his Happiness? He intreated Madmoiselle of *Roye* to prefer him to the Mareshal of *Cosse*; and she having a great tendency to it, her Marriage was a third time resolved upon. It then seem'd to that Lover, that he had nothing more to fear, and that he was above all his misfortunes: No more Rivals: No more Obstacles. He was going to be united for ever unto a Person whom he had long lov'd, and by whom at last he believ'd

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to be belov'd. His misfortune had lasted so long, that he would no longer retard his Happiness; he intreated Madam of *Roye* not to let the Ceremonies of the Nuptials be any longer deferr'd. Madmoiselle of *Roye*, who through Esteem for Monsieur of *Amboise*, and through a secret spight against *Sansac*, was resolv'd upon that Marriage, made no difficulty to consent that it should suddenly be ended, which was done two days after.

When it was concluded on, *Sansac*'s Friends had writ to him of it, not as a thing which concern'd him, but as News. What a Clap of Thunder was this for him? And what Sentiments did rekindle in his Heart? He felt that Spight, Time, and Absence had done no more but lull'd them asleep a little, and that it had not weaken'd them in the least. He did

did not conceive that ſhe could ever have lov'd *Sancerre*, and ſo ſoon marry *D'Amboiſe*, and that Reflexion did ſenſibly lead him to doubt, whether ſhe had ever loved the firſt of them; mean time he believ'd that ſhe had in a manner offer'd it to him by her ſilence, he had ſeen *Sancerre* go out of her Houſe, when the entring into it had been refus'd him; and though all theſe Circumſtances, being recall'd into his memory, did cauſe him to ſhiver, he told himſelf that they were no Certainties, that peradventure ſomething that he was ignorant of, had given place to thoſe Irregularities, he again did afford an Eſteem for Madmoiſelle of *Roye* in his thoughts as oft as he fear'd to loſe her; all that which could juſtifie her came into his mind, as formerly all that could render her guilty had preſented it ſelf there; that odd-

neſs of her marrying of *Amboiſe*, at that time that ſhe ſhould have married *Sancerre*, if ſhe had lov'd him, did put him out of all meaſures, and made him to believe every thing poſſible, even not to have been betray'd. He already accus'd himſelf, for having peradventure given too ſoon ſome Jealouſie to Madmoiſelle of *Roye* of Madam of *Tournon*. *Amboiſe*, who he had always thought ſo far from being belov'd by Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, did not appear to him capable of having made himſelf Maſter with ſo much haſte of an Heart which had always been refus'd him; at other times he fanſied, that the ſame Inconſtancy which had led her to love *Sancerre*, might alſo lead her to love *Amboiſe*; but that Idea appear'd ſo cruel to him, that he would preſently caſt it off: In fine, he could unravel nothing, only he found that he could not

not ſuffer that any one ſhould be made happy by marrying of Madmoiſelle of *Roye*. He did not think that her Marriage ſhould be preform'd with ſo much precipitation, and he ſtill hop'd to put ſome ſtops to it; mean time he could not return to *Paris*, as he deſired to do, becauſe that the Huguenots, with whom a Treaty of Peace had been concluded, yet without effect, had made themſelves Maſters of divers Cities, and had Troops alſo not far from *Tours*, ſo that it was not poſſible for him to leave his Government; but he would not defer to let Madmoiſelle of *Roye* know the condition in which her Marriage was going to reduce him, though he was ignorant of the Diſpoſitions in which ſhe was for him. He went to Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac*, his Siſter, who was but two Leagues from thence; he told her

of that Marriage, which he knew would concern her as much as him, he did conjure her to go immediately thither, to give a Letter to Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, which he had writ, and to uſe all the means that could prevent her from marrying the Count of *Amboiſe*.

Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac*'s Paſſion was of thoſe that nothing can cure, ſhe was ſeiz'd with Wonder and with Sorrow; and though ſhe did endeavour to conceal thoſe motions, ſhe aſſur'd her Brother, that he might rely upon her as to the care of the buſineſs, which ſhe would bring about, if any could do it, and that ſhe would omit nothing that could do him Service. Upon this Aſſurance he return'd to *Tours*, and ſhe thought of nothing but keeping her Word with him.

She was not long about chuſing the quickeſt way, and that which ſeem'd to her the moſt ſure; ſhe thought that it would be in vain to have Madmoiſelle of *Roye* perſwaded of *Sanſac*'s tenderneſs, and that though ſhe ſhould again take up her firſt Sentiments for him, they would be uſeleſs, becauſe that her timidity would always prevail over her inclination, and that it would be more eaſie to caſt into *Amboiſe*'s mind ſome Scruples, which ſhould oblige him to take that Party, which he had done already more than once, than to uſe any other means to break off that Marriage; that after all, it would be no ill Fortune to him not to marry a Perſon, which had been ſo long prepoſſeſt in the behalf of *Sanſac*; that there was not ſcarce any occaſion to doubt but that her tenderneſs for him would awaken again, when

she ſhould once ſee him return to her again.

Madmoiſelle of *Sauſac* writ to Monſieur of *Amboiſe*, and she alſo ſent him the Letter, which *Sauſac* had writ to Madmoiſelle of *Roye*; she diſguis'd her own Hand, that it might not be known: thoſe Letters came from her, and she follow'd them ſome moments after, to learn what effects they might have produc'd. *D'Amboiſe* receiv'd them the day after his Marriage, and when he thought that his Happineſs ſhould never be troubled more, he open'd that from Madmoiſelle of *Sauſac*, the Character of which he knew not, and which was conceiv'd in the following words.

LETTER.

LETTER.

I Am not ignorant of your Nicety in your marrying of Madmoiſelle of Roye, *you believe your ſelf Maſter of her Heart; I give you a means to aſſure your ſelf whether you are or not, here is a Letter which* Sanſac *writes to her; ſince he loves her ſtill, he may alſo be belov'd by her, conſult her on that Letter; if ſhe receives it with indifferency, you will have the more quiet in your Marriage; and if you perceive that her Paſſion is not yet extinct, you may avoid an Engagement, which can never be happy for you.*

After this he read that of *Sanſac*, whoſe Writing he knew, in which he found theſe words:

To Madmoiſelle of *Roye.*

I Am inform'd that you are going to marry Monſieur of Amboiſe, *and that News makes ſo deep an impreſſion on me, that I cannot forbear writing to you, though I have ſo much cauſe of complaining againſt you, I am not in a condition of making you any reproaches; I love you, and I loſe you, I am to juſtifie my ſelf, and to crave your pardon; I have feign'd loving Madam of* Tournon, *with a deſign either to cure, or rather revenge my ſelf, but I have done nothing all that while, but keep up my Paſſion by that hope. Peradventure alſo that my Conduct has diſpleas'd you. May be it has haſtned that reſolution which you take. Alas! I flatter my ſelf, I ſhould be ſtill too happy in having a ſhare in the reaſons of your Marriage, as fatal as it is to me. No, you*

you love Amboiſe, *as you have lov'd another. I ask your pardon, if I offend you; though I deſire to offend you: Cauſe that reproach to ceaſe, if it is too ſenſible to you; cauſe that inclination to revive again with which you once did flatter me, and which you ſaid was to laſt for ever. What? convey it to* D'Amboiſe, *after your Heart had diſtinguiſh'd me from him in ſo obliging a manner; I oppoſe my ſelf to your Marriage, by the right which your firſt Sentiments have given me over you, and if there remains yet any thing of them, I love you enough to pretend to recal them all back again. You formerly believ'd that we were born for one another; Why part we while I love you ſtill? Ah! leave the thoughts of entring in a new Engagement, if not, fear the fury of a Lover who will loſe all, rather than loſe a good which he has merited both by his tenderneſs and yours.*

What an effect did the reading of thoſe Letters produce in Monſieur of *Amboiſe*'s Heart? He found himſelf conſtrain'd to doubt whether he was belov'd at the time that he poſſeſt that Perſon which he lov'd. What an horrour did preſent it ſelf to his imaginations? He remain'd ſuppreſt with that Idea, and his Marriage became the moſt grievous of all his evils. So long as he had been but a Lover, the entire aſſurance of not being belov'd, had appear'd leſs cruel to him, than that certainty to which he ſaw himſelf reduc'd; if he had never lov'd ſo paſſionately, neither had be been ſo ſenſibly touch'd with Jealouſie, to attain to the very laſt degree of ones Wiſhes, and to behold all ones Happineſs caſt down through unſufferable Conceptions, through ſuch Doubts as could not be clear, not incapable of abandoning, nor

of hating the Countess of *Amboise*, nor to love her neither, was the condition he found himself in, and unto which there was no Remedy.

The Countess of *Amboise* took notice of his coldness, and of his trouble; she ask'd him the cause of it after a manner that ought to have setled him; but her kindnesses were suspicious, or rather he thought that he enjoy'd them but by Surprise; he was divers times on the point of shewing her the Letter from *Sansac*, that he might no longer doubt the evil which he fear'd, and to establish on that, if it were possible, a most sorrowful quiet; but he as often stopt his hand, and he felt that he had still the certainty of it to fear: He answer'd the Countess in such terms as did not satisfie her, and which put her into extraordinary disturbances.

When

When Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac* came to *Paris*, ſhe learnt that Monſieur *d'Amboiſe* was married to Madmoiſelle of *Roye*; She fear-ed all the diſorder that the Let-ters which ſhe had ſent might have done; and the vexations at her imprudence, joyn'd to thoſe which ſhe had at that Marriage, made her that very day take the reſolution of going into a Monaſtery, to a-void reproaches from her Brother, and to have the power of over-coming a Paſſion, which had ſeiz-ed her Heart. She writ to the Marqueſs of *Sanſac* before ſhe went into it, and inform'd him, that Madmoiſelle of *Roye* was married; She alſo confeſt, that in a deſign to ſerve him, and not knowing that the Count of *Amboiſe* was al-ready beyond the condition of making uſe of theſe Advices, which were given him, ſhe had ſent to him that Letter which he had writ

to

to Madmoiſelle of *Roye*, with a Note in an unknown Character, which might have brought him once again to have broken that Marriage: Finally, ſhe pray'd that Marqueſs to leave her at quiet, and never more to mention that fault to her, which ſhe was going to expiate all her life time.

Sanſac receiv'd not that Letter at *Tours*, becauſe that the Prince of *Conde*'s Troops, who had had a deſign to ſurpriſe that City, and that had been prevented by the Governours vigilance, were got into *Orleans*, and gave him the opportunity to return to *Paris*. He learnt ſo ſoon as he was got thither, that Madmoiſelle of *Roye* was married, and he was as ſurpris'd as ſorrowful at it; though he had fear'd that Marriage, he could not perſwade himſelf that it could be done; and his Reflexions on it had but ſoftned his Heart the more,

and

and rendred it more capable of feeling his loſs; far from preparing it to bear his misfortune, he abandon'd himſelf to all that Deſpair has of moſt horrid: But he was not long in that trouble, *Amboiſe* was decreed to dye with grief in the midſt of his Happineſs, and it was ſoon ſpread abroad in what danger that Count was. Monſieur of *Amboiſe* could not bear the divers agitations of his mind, a Feaver did ſeize him with ſuch an extraordinary violence, that from the very firſt day his Life was in danger: The Counteſs of *Amboiſe* was inceſſantly by him, bathed with tears; the affliction which ſhe ſhew'd him, and the Cares which ſhe took for his preſervation, did ſenſibly move him, but this put him in Deſpair when he thought that he durſt not take them for Tokens of Love; yet he could not but be ſenſible of them. He

perceiv'd

perceiv'd that Madam of *Amboiſe* was worthy of an infinite Eſteem, and that if he could not reach her Heart, he was to dye without complaining of her, he felt that he had but few days to live, and he reſolv'd not to mention to her thoſe Letters, which caus'd his Death, for fear of ſhewing ſome Jealouſie, and of taking from her by that means the liberty of following her own inclination, when he ſhould be no more. That ſtrain of Generoſity did coſt him dear, his Sentiments were not ſufficiently weakned, not to oppoſe himſelf to a reſolution which was ſo contrary to them; and his Deliriums did ſometimes diſcover that which he would have conceal'd.

Madam of *Amboiſe*, who by all means imaginable did endeavour to find out the Cauſe of his affliction and of his ſickneſs, perceiv'd

at

at last that a Jealousie did torment him; the Love and Esteem which she had for her Husband, and that which she had for her self, would not permit her to let him live or dye, with such disadvantageous thoughts of her; She more than once did cast her self at his feet, telling him, that the slight which he had shew'd her in depriving her of his Confidence, was unsufferable. *Madam*, said he to her, *what do you seek to know? Believe that that tenderness which I have for you, is the Cause of that Secret you seek after. You cannot understand me*, added he sighing, *and I lose all the satisfaction which I should have in deserving from you by this last Sacrifice, but it is to leave you more at rest and quiet.*

Those words did still increase Madam of *Amboise*'s Curiosity, and caus'd her to redouble her intreaties, insomuch that at the last the Death

Death of that Count being no longer uncertain, and the Phyſicians having declar'd it to his Wife, the extraordinary Sorrow which ſhe ſhew'd him all the time, and the manner after which ſhe preſs'd him, had the power to tear out of his Boſom, what he had conceal'd there till then. *It is believed that your Sickneſs increaſes,* ſaid ſhe, embracing of him, *doubtleſs your diſquiet of mind contributes to it. I mention not mine to you; you have diſcover'd to me, againſt your mind, part of that which you had a mind to conceal from me; I know you have unjuſt thoughts of me, you will not give me place of juſtifying my ſelf, and you neglect being ſatisfied of a Perſon that you no longer love; I have, with the fear of loſing you, the aſſurance of having already loſt your Friendſhip and Love: but I have already told you, I go not about to move you by my*

Sorrow.

Sorrow. I have no other concern in it but your own, complain of me to give your ſelf eaſe, and expreſs your thoughts to put your ſelf more at quiet. Perhaps that you may not find me guilty, if you cauſe me to ſpeak. Well, Madam, ſaid the Count of *Amboiſe, ſeeing that my ravings have begun to betray me, and have troubled you, I muſt inform you of all, and repair thoſe evils that they have done. Read theſe Letters,* ſaid he, preſenting her thoſe that he had receiv'd, *this is it that cauſes my grief, I could not live, and doubt whether I was belov'd by you or no; I die to leave you to another, that will never love you as I do, but with whom you will be more happy, becauſe that you will love him more.*

Madam of *Amboiſe* did tremble at the imprudence or malice of thoſe who had ſent the Letter of Advice to her Husband; ſhe did not

not gueſs at them, and she was ſo taken up to ſee him dye for her, that even at that moment the Letter from *Sanſac* made not the leaſt impreſſion on her mind; Monſieur of *Amboiſe*, who was employ'd contrary to his Deſign, in examining the motions of her Face, did not perceive her to change colour; *Well, Sir*, ſaid she, *you have thoughts that I could not receive a Letter from* Sanſac, *without entertaining again ſuch Sentiments as would be diſpleaſing to you; I wiſh it had been given me, I had put it into your hands, as I do at this preſent: Ah! if this be true, Madam*, ſaid he with a Tranſport, which ſhortned his days, *muſt I die? What? You can have forgotten* Sanſac, ſaid he, *with Eyes in which Love was not yet extinct? I am aſham'd*, ſaid she, *that I muſt give you new aſſurances of it, but I ſhall be ſatisfied, if they do but put you out of that condition*

condition you are in. No, Madam, ſaid he to her, *I die with as much ſatisfaction as regret: but when all is done, your firſt Sentiments have been for* Sanſac, *I am neither unjuſt nor tyrannical, it is much for me to have extinguiſh'd them one moment during my life, they will rekindle after my death; I murmur not at it, oppoſe not my memory to them, you knew that ſo long as I could, I have prefer'd your happineſs to mine, and I ſee with ſome kind of Joy, that you will be perfectly happy, without making me unhappy.* No ſooner had he ended thoſe words but he ſwooned; The Counteſs of *Amboiſe* was led out of the Chamber, notwithſtanding her Tears and her Out-cryes. Madam of *Roye*, who was not much leſs afflicted at the condition the Count was in, did however endeavour to comfort her, as much as she could poſſible.

Monſieur

Monſieur of *Amboiſe* came out of his Swoon, he order'd that his Wife ſhould be deſir'd not to come into his Chamber any more, that ſhe might ſpare her ſelf the trouble which the ſight of him would cauſe her, and becauſe that the ſight of her did make him leave this life with too much unwillingneſs; he dyed the next day.

Madam of *Roye* did lead the Counteſs of *Amboiſe* into a Monaſtery, where ſhe ſtay'd a fortnight, and after that they went into the Country. That Widow's affliction did not grow moderate, ſhe thought that ſhe ſhould never conſolate her ſelf for the Death of her Husband; She knew the full value of that Affection which he had had for her, and how much his Heart and his Merits were above that of other men; She was even in an admiration of him, and ſhe was far from diſtruſting that ſhe

ſhould

ſhould ever have any Sentiments of Love for any Body; She even thought that she had never had any ſo ſenſible as for him; She did avoid thinking on *Sanſac*'s Letter; She thought she did it through indifferency, but she did inceſſantly think on the Generoſity which her Husband had had of conſenting at his Death, that she ſhould marry him, though she had no deſign of taking any advantage of it.

Sanſac had taken up new Hopes by the Death of Monſieur of *Amboiſe*, but he underſtood that it would be long before he durſt ſee the Widow, and he return'd to *Tours*, when she went into the Country, where she remain'd three months, without receiving any Viſit; mean time her buſineſſes oblig'd her to return to *Paris*, and he return'd alſo at the ſame time ſo ſoon as he heard of it, though he durſt

not

not go to her Houſe, he did ſeek after all ſolitary Walks with a deſign to find her there. He was not long without receiving that ſatisfaction, and without cauſing himſelf to be obſerv'd. The Counteſs of *Amboiſe* found her ſelf diſturb'd the firſt time that ſhe ſaw him. She thought that the preſence of a man that had offended her, might be the cauſe of that trouble, ſhe being then with a Lady of her Relations to whom ſhe would not give any notice of having obſerv'd *Sanſac*, ſhe was oblig'd to go on her way. *Sanſac* did follow her ſtill; and in fine, ſhe went off ſo ſoon as ſhe could poſſible.

When ſhe was return'd home, ſhe went into her Cloſet, where ſhe could not forbear reading that Letter of the Marqueſſe's, which Monſieur of *Amboiſe* had given her, and which ſhe had kept; ſhe found

found it full of Paſſion, and she read it over again, after which she was ſeiz'd with profound thoughts, in which she could not diſtinguiſh her own Conceptions.

Some days after, Monſieur of *Sanſac* having gain'd ſome of her people, to diſcover in what place she would go walk, he was there before her, becauſe she came but late; and when he met her, he ſaluted her after a manner that was full of Sorrow and of Reſpect, which gave her a greater diſturbance than the firſt time had done, she was got out of the Coach to take the Air; but ſo ſoon as she had ſaluted the Marqueſs, she haſtily got into it again: mean time she had not gone far, but her Coach broke; it was late, she was a pretty way from *Paris*, and she found her ſelf in a great diſorder.

Monſieur of *Sanſac*, who ſaw at diſtance

diſtance the diſorder which had happen'd to her Equipage, drew near; and not daring to ſpeak to Madam of *Amboiſe*, he intreated one of thoſe Women that accompanied the Counteſs, to offer her, as from him, his Coach to carry her back. Madam of *Amboiſe* could not diſpenſe her ſelf from anſwering that Civility, ſhe returned him thanks, and told him, that ſome of her people were going for ſome body to mend her Coach, and ſent immediately about it: He told her, that he was very unhappy to be refus'd in ſuch an occaſion, where it was almoſt impoſſible not to accept of that which he propoſed; That Madam of *Amboiſe*'s Coach could not be in a condition to go before night were far advanced; That he would wait the return of thoſe which she ſent, and that perhaps neceſſity would overcome that repugnancy which she

had of doing him that Favour. Madam of *Amboiſe* did endeavour to anſwer him without rudeneſs, but alſo without promiſing to make uſe of his aſſiſtance; they inſenſibly got into a Converſation, Monſieur of *Sanſac* found out the Art of making it laſt, in ſaying things to Madam of *Amboiſe* which caus'd her to give him ſome Anſwers. *Thoſe perſons that had been ſent for to mend the Coach, came and ſaid, it was impoſſible to bring it back to* Paris *that day.*

Madam of *Amboiſe* was in a ſtrange confuſion, night was began, *Sanſac* offer'd to give her his Coach, and to ſtay there till it were return'd; there had been ſome rudeneſs to leave him there alone: mean time she had a great task to reſolve her ſelf to go in the ſame Coach with a man that had lov'd her, and whom she fear'd was not yet quite indifferent to her.

her. At laſt neceſſity oblig'd her to intreat him to bring her to the firſt Houſes, while she ſhould ſend for a Coach to *Paris*. Thoſe Houſes being at a great diſtance, she could not with decency leave him in the fields, and he found too much pleaſure in accompanying Madam of *Amboiſe*, to avoid it one moment, ſo that he carried her with two of her Women into the next Town. What Charms for him to find himſelf with her! He durſt not tell her but indifferent things, but he ſpoke to her, did ſee her, and did hope that that Rencontre would not be without ſome Conſequences; the very Air of Myſtery which did happen accidentally in this Adventure, did afford him a great deal of delight.

The ſame Reaſons that created that Lover's Joy, did alarm Madmoiſelle *Amboiſe*'s Severity, she was ſo agitated with different

thoughts, that she said nothing but in disorder. The Marquess, who perceiv'd it, did not draw any ill Omen from it, neither durst he ask her the permission of seeing her any longer, after he had set her where she desired to be, but he hover'd about that place, till she was gone from thence.

The next day he writ to her to ask an hours Audience before he went to *Chartres*, where the King was sending him with a Reinforcement of four thousand men, who were got into the City, which the Huguenots had besieg'd.

That Countess was puzled about the Conduct that she should observe in that occasion; she had been busied all the night with the thoughts of the Rencontre which she had made, *Sansac* had appear'd more amorous than ever, but she durst not find him as lovely; mean time he was almost justified in her mind

mind, in regard of Madam of *Tournon*, by his Letter, which ſhe had read divers times over. Monſieur of *Amboiſe* far from fearing that ſhe ſhould marry him, had in ſome manner enjoyned her to it at his death, yet ſhe thought that that was not ſufficient to invite her to marry him; but that ſhe might ſee him without ſcruple, ſhe was to ſpeak to him, and to learn who it was had ſent to Monſieur of *Amboiſe* thoſe Letters which had caus'd ſo much diſorder. In fine, ſhe was to inform *Sanſac* of the reſolution that ſhe had taken of remaining a Widow; in thoſe thoughts ſhe let him know that he might ſee her.

With what Joy did he go to her Houſe, and found himſelf at liberty to ſpeak to her of his Paſſion; he thought that her Beauty was yet increas'd, her Mourning and the Emotion which appear'd on her Face, did add a thouſand Charms. He caſt himſelf at her Feet, without pronouncing one ſingle word, and even without thinking what he did.

Madam of *Amboiſe* did oblige him to riſe, with ſuch a ſerious Look, as

did kill him with fear, he took a ſeat as ſhe had ordered him to do, and he was a long time without daring to lift up his Eyes towards her; that Reſpect did move her more than the Tranſport of his Love had done.

I have had the boldneſs, Madam, ſaid he ſcarce looking on her, *to ask to ſee you, but I am ſufficiently puniſh'd for it, and your Air denounces me thoſe Evils, which I had avoided to prevent.* Madam of *Amboiſe* made him no Anſwer. *You ſay nothing to me, Madam?* added he, *ſpeak, reduce me to deſpair, thoſe harſh things that you will ſay to me, will be leſs cruel than your ſilence. I ſhall ſpeak to you,* anſwer'd ſhe, *I had not let you come, if I had not had a great deal to ſay, and I am only troubled where to begin. I believe that I ought not to rejoyce, Madam,* ſaid he, *at what you have to ſay to me; it is eaſie for me to foreſee, that it will not prove advantageous to me, and you take off much of the Favour you do me, which had been too great, had you had nothing to do but to hear me. I ſhall not make any difficulty to confeſs to you,* ſaid ſhe, *that I have ſeen that Letter you writ to me on the account of my Marriage, and*

which

which was ſent to Monſieur of Amboiſe, *I muſt know of you to whom you had given it, and how ſo ill and unfortunate a buſineſs for me, through the death of Monſieur of* Amboiſe, *was carried.*

Sanſac related to her, that it being impoſſible for him to return to *Paris*, becauſe there was ſome fear of an Attempt by the Huguenots upon *Tours*; he had truſted his Siſter with the Letter, who promis'd to put it into her own hands; that Madmoiſelle of *Sanſac* being as ignorant as he was, that they were already married, thought that the beſt way was to prevent it, by ſending thoſe Letters to Monſieur of *Amboiſe: But, Madam*, added he, *I find that their ill ſucceſs is imputed to me, and that though my Letter had been ſeen but to your ſelf, I ought not to have expected any thing but your anger from it. No doubt of that*, ſaid ſhe, *ſeeing that I was Monſieur of* Amboiſe's *Wife*; *but I had reaſon to believe that Madam of* Tournon *would have comforted you of my Marriage, or at leaſt that it had not afflicted you ſo much. Madam of* Tournon, cryed he, *Is it poſſible, Madam, that you can think ſhe could conſolate me*

one moment for your loſs ? Madam of *Amboiſe* could not forbear ſpeaking to him of the deference which he had given to that Counteſs the Maſquerading day ; but he did proteſt to her with ſo much integrity and ingenuity, that he thought he had danced with her, and of the Converſation which he alſo thought he had had with her, on the account of *Sancerre*, confounding them both for a while ; at laſt they unravell'd it, and found that Madam of *Tournon* had play'd them both. Truth did manifeſt it ſelf to them, while they diſcours'd it ; they found that they were both innocent ; a pleaſing Joy which they had not felt of a long time, took again poſſeſſion of their Hearts.

When they had no more Complaints to make, they lookt on one another a while. *But*, *Madam*, reply'd the Marqueſs of *Sanſac*, *what avails it to me*, *that you have not lov'd* Sancerre, *if I am grown indifferent to you* ? *You ought*, *at leaſt*, *to be ſo to me*, reply'd Madam of *Amboiſe* ; *I have married an Husband*, *the moſt worthy to be belov'd that ever was*, *his laſt words deſerv'd that I ſhould ever be prepoſſeſs'd by him.*

I was

I was reſolv'd to make it a Secret to you, but I find my ſelf engag'd to tell it you, to mark to you the better the obligation I have to love him ever. She gave him an account of the Converſation that Monſieur of *Amboiſe* had had with her on that ſubject, ſoftning a little thoſe Terms which might flatter him too much, yet that Lover remain'd charm'd with that confidence that ſhe had ſhew'd him. *Ah! Madam*, ſaid he, caſting himſelf once more at her feet, *perform the laſt Will of Monſieur of* Amboiſe; *I have merited to ſucceed him, ſeeing that I am choſen by him ſo to do, your indifferency only can render me unworthy of it. But*, added he, *why ſhould I be indifferent to you? I have not ceas'd one moment from being the moſt amorous of all men; I am autho-ris'd to tell you ſo much, and you ought to make no ſcruples, but of not loving me. I perceive that I have told you too much*, ſaid ſhe bluſhing, and obliging him to riſe with more mildneſs than the firſt time, *it is no longer time to diſſemble with you*, added ſhe, *know that my inclination is not quite extinct. That had I but ſooner learnt your innocence.*

I had

I had not been Monſieur of Amboiſe's *Priſe, he had not died, and nothing had prevented me from being yours; but ſince I have married him, I owe him one Sacrifice for all thoſe that he has made me, for this reaſon I have fram'd the deſign of remaining a Widow; and ſhould I have ſo much weakneſs as not to perform it, I ſhould not be happy in marrying you: What friendſhip ſoever I ſhould have for you, my reflexions would prevent me from the enjoyment of yours, and peradventure would deprive me of mine alſo at laſt. Ah! Madam,* ſaid he, with a Deſpair in his Soul, *I find you have never lov'd me. I wiſh it were true,* ſaid ſhe to him ſighing. *'Las! Madam,* anſwer'd he, *if it is ſo why tell you me ſuch cruel things? and why would you have me to renounce you? I cannot do it, it is eaſier for me to die.* *What,* ſaid ſhe, *you cannot make an effort to leave me to my ſelf, as Monſieur de* Amboiſe *has done to leave me to you. No Madam,* ſaid he, *propoſe to me no Examples, I have too much Love, only to think of loſing you; and if you deprive me of hope of thoſe dangers in which I am going to engage, and where I ſhall not manage my ſelf, will deliver you from a Lover who is to*

paſſiona

passionate to overcome his Sentiments, or to conceal them. Answer me once more, Madam, my life and death are in your hands. What do you tell me, said Madam of *Amboise*, with Eyes swell'd with Tears, *Why will you have me to determinate? at least leave me unresolv'd, seeing you have already shaken my resolution. Sansac* would have engag'd her to have given him her positive Word to marry him, but she fix'd to what she had said. He was oblig'd to take leave of her, and he went to *Chartres* with the four thousand men which he was to conduct there.

When he was gone, Madam of *Amboise* did perceive how far she had gone already; that the Suspicions which *Sansac* had dispers'd, were become in some manner meritorious towards her, and that she had found a great occasion of praising him, in having not had as great an occasion of complaining of him; she thought that she had gainsaid her self too easily and too soon; and that when he should make any reflexions on that Conduct, he would have less esteem for her than Love; that thought did vex her, she told her

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ſelf, that ſuch an Husband as ſhe had had, did merit a Wife with high Sentiments, and ſtedfaſtneſs; that in fine, the pleaſure of thinking on him, and of being contented with her ſelf, ought for ever to poſſeſs her.

But ſoon after ſhe made other gueſs Reflexions, Monſieur of *Sanſac* was kill'd before *Charters*, in ſallying forth on the Huguenots; and ſhe had ſo cruel a Sorrow for it, that ſhe gueſs'd it had been impoſſible for her to have merited long his eſteem at the coſt of that tenderneſs which ſhe had for him; ſhe return'd into the Country, where ſhe paſs'd the reſt of her days, fill'd with thoſe divers afflictions, and without daring ever to unravel them, for fear of knowing which was ſtrongeſt.

FINIS.